The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 215. Vol. XXXVI. AUGUST, 1909. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 199
OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 202
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 204
"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS 205
"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY—
Mr. Oliver Onions. By Ashley Gibson 207
THE READER—
Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Walter Jerrold 209
Pathology and Poetry. By Stephen Paget 214
St. Paul's Chimes. By Annie Matheson 218
NEW BOOKS—
Grandfather Bull, by Uncle Jonathan. By Thomas Seccombe 219
"Notes and Queries" by the Way. By William E. A. Axon ... 220
The "Decameron" of Boccaccio. By T. E. Page 221
A Bundle of Eight 222
Thais... 223
Belloc on the Pyrenees. By David Hodge 223
Italian Architecture. By Arthur Lewis 223
Earth to Earth. By Francis Bickley 224
Love Affairs of Napoleon and of Josephine. By Frank Hamel 225
Wagner and his First Wife. By Edward Wright 226
A Friend of Byron. By Walford D. Green 226
Court and Society. By Lewis Melville 227
Fra Filippo Lippi 228
Anatole France and Others. By Henry Baerlein 229
Oliver Wendell Holmes 230
NOVEL NOTES—
A Change in the Cabinet—An Eye for an Eye—Marcia—The Red Rose of a Summer—Sixpenny Pieces—The Wanton—'Neath Austral Skies—The Stairway of Honour—The Flying Months—A Little Green World—Everybody's Secret—Henry in Search of a Wife—John Saint——The Romance of a Plain Man—Moran of Kildally—Envious Eliza—A Young Man Married—A Reaping ... 230-34
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Scenes and Portraits—A Summer Garden — Americans — The Bretons at Home—Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures—Tyrol and its People... 235-7
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 237
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 238

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The September Bookman will be a Dr. Johnson Bi-Centenary Number, and will contain special articles on Johnson and his work by Thomas Seccombe and by H. Spencer Scott, and on Johnson's ancestry by C. S. Sargisson. The number will be very fully illustrated with portraits of Johnson and his friends, and photographs of places associated with him.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is just passing the proofs of a monograph on Marie Antoinette that he has written for Messrs. Methuen. The book is to be largely illustrated, and will be published in September.

Mr. John Lane is publishing shortly a new biography of Thackeray by Mr. Lewis Melville. Mr. Melville is admittedly one of our leading authorities on Thackeray, and he has for several years past been collecting materials for this work; he has had access to many new letters, has gathered much fresh information, and in compiling the biography has been assisted by numerous Thackeray experts. The book will contain a bibliography that runs to over 1,300 items; a collection of Thackeray's speeches, several of which have never before been republished; and will be fully illustrated.

Mr. Arrowsmith has just put out a new edition of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," and tells us in an interesting foreword that since its first appearance in August, 1889, the book has been reprinted every year until there has been produced the large number of 202,000 copies, the 5,000 of this present edition bringing the total up to 207,000. During that period there has been only one edition, and, like the present issue, this has been published at 3s. 6d.—facts which the publisher believes to be unprecedented.

Mr. Jerome adds an "Author's Advertisement" to this new edition of his most popular story, in which he supplements his publisher's particulars about its sales. "In Chicago," he writes, "I was assured by an enterprising pirate, now retired, that the sales throughout the United States had exceeded a million; and although, in con-

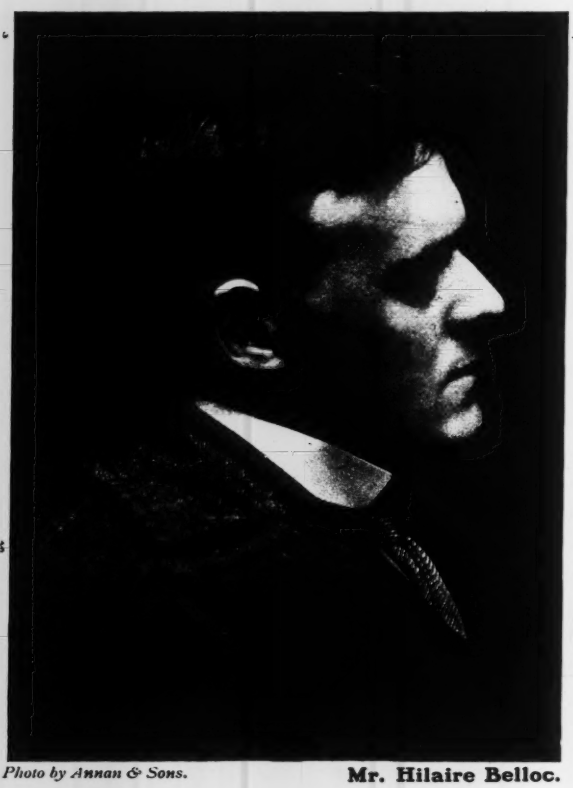


Photo by Annan & Sons. **Mr. Hilaire Belloc.**

sequence of its having been published before the Copyright Convention, this has brought me no material advantage, the fame and popularity it has won for me among the American public is an asset not to be despised. It has been translated, I think, into every European language except Arabian, also into some of those of Asia." He tells of letters he has had from some of his readers, but says he cannot explain the success of the book. "I have written books that have appeared to me more clever, books that have appeared to me more humorous. But it is as the author of 'Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the Dog)' that the public persists in remembering me." And who shall say that the public is not justified in doing so? Most humour is soon old-fashioned. How many humorists are there who can re-issue a twenty-year-old book and find the world still as eager as ever to buy it, and able and more than willing to laugh over it?

"The Garden of Women" is the title Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has given to a volume of essays that he is publishing this winter. He has a new novel in hand which will be ready for next spring. Mr. Calthrop, by the way, is firmly opposed to the sevenpenny novel, and declares that nothing but disaster can follow on flooding the market with fiction at a price which cannot pay either author or publisher.

Mr. Frederic Manning, whose book of "Scenes and Portraits" is meeting with a remarkably favourable reception, is an Australian, and was born at Sydney, but he has been living in England since 1898. He is the son of Sir William Manning, a well-known Mayor of Sydney, and one of the leading business men of the town. The family are Roman Catholics, Sir William being a Papal Chamberlain, the first and, so far, the only one in Australasia. Mr. Manning was a delicate boy and unable to go to school, but having always a passion for books, he educated himself. He is still only twenty-four, and with the exception of a small volume of verse, "Scenes and Portraits" is his first book.

The many thousands of her readers will learn with regret of the death of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. She was one of the most deservedly popular writers for girls; "The Old, Old Story" was probably the best of her books, but "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Not Like Other Girls," and her first novel, "Nellie's Memories" (published as far back as 1868), have found almost as much favour with a very large public.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton is one of the most popular exponents of melodrama in fiction; she is a specialist in serial writing, and it has to be remembered that success in this branch of the literary craft does not depend at all on the prestige that has accrued to a writer from the merits of former work, but on the solid test of an increased circulation of the paper in which the serial appears. The most

Photo by Poole, Putney. **The late Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.**

successful of her stories, "Hush Money," is too long to be issued as a six-shilling novel—it held for nearly two years the unflagging attention of the vast multitude of readers to whom it was presented in weekly instalments. At present Mrs. Leighton is busy planning another of her ingenious and emotional serial stories that is to be ready for publication during the autumn and winter in the popular weekly with which her work is mainly associated.

Having completed a new volume of nature stories to be called "Kings in Exile"—the stories are now running serially in the *Windsor*—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is preparing for the press another collection of his verses. He has made a beginning also on an aeroplane romance (largely of military and political adventure) which he is naming "The Runners of the Air." Mr. Roberts's books on wild life are written from a most intimate knowledge of his subject. He spent fourteen years of his boyhood in the far backwoods, and has frequented them ever since, from sheer love of the wilderness and the wilderness life; but he early gave up hunting the wild creatures because he grew to love them, and found studying them so much more interesting than killing them. Although Mr. Roberts has a place in a book that was recently issued at Boston on American Authors at Home, he says he is not really at home in that volume, for he is emphatically a Canadian and a Britisher, and throughout these last twenty-five years has been a strenuous advocate of the Federation of the Empire, for which he declared himself in his History of Canada that was published in 1896.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Winifred Graham (Mrs. Cory).**

Photo by Noel Gasquoine. **The Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason.**

"The Jockeys' Chaplain."

The Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason, who is well known as a county cricketer and sportsman, and better known as "the Jockeys' Chaplain," has just published a volume of his "Straight Talks to Stable Lads," a series of sermons which he delivered in the chapel that was built by Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, at Egerton House, Newmarket. Lord Marcus Beresford has written a preface to the book, a copy of which has been accepted by Her Majesty the Queen.

Mrs. Winifred Cory, better known as Winifred Graham, has spent most of her life in her riverside house on the Thames, at Hampton—a picturesque, historical old house that was built by Nell Gwynn for her son, the first Duke of St. Albans. She was married three years ago to Mr. Theodore Cory, a son of Mr. Richard Cory, who is a prominent figure in the social life of South Wales. Her novels, which number twenty-two, were all written with a purpose, and are devoted to the exposure of certain wrongs and evils of our own time. The many charmingly sympathetic stories of child-life she has

Photo by Annan & Sons. **Mr. Hilaire Belloc.**

sequence of its having been published before the Copyright Convention, this has brought me no material advantage, the fame and popularity it has won for me among the American public is an asset not to be despised. It has been translated, I think, into every European language except Arabian, also into some of those of Asia." He tells of letters he has had from some of his readers, but says he cannot explain the success of the book. "I have written books that have appeared to me more clever, books that have appeared to me more humorous. But it is as the author of 'Three Men in a Boat (to say nothing of the Dog)' that the public persists in remembering me." And who shall say that the public is not justified in doing so? Most humour is soon old-fashioned. How many humorists are there who can re-issue a twenty-year-old book and find the world still as eager as ever to buy it, and able and more than willing to laugh over it?

"The Garden of Women" is the title Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has given to a volume of essays that he is publishing this winter. He has a new novel in hand which will be ready for next spring. Mr. Calthrop, by the way, is firmly opposed to the sevenpenny novel, and declares that nothing but disaster can follow on flooding the market with fiction at a price which cannot pay either author or publisher.

Mr. Frederic Manning, whose book of "Scenes and Portraits" is meeting with a remarkably favourable reception, is an Australian, and was born at Sydney, but he has been living in England since 1898. He is the son of Sir William Manning, a well-known Mayor of Sydney, and one of the leading business men of the town. The family are Roman Catholics, Sir William being a Papal Chamberlain, the first and, so far, the only one in Australasia. Mr. Manning was a delicate boy and unable to go to school, but having always a passion for books, he educated himself. He is still only twenty-four, and with the exception of a small volume of verse, "Scenes and Portraits" is his first book.

The many thousands of her readers will learn with regret of the death of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. She was one of the most deservedly popular writers for girls; "The Old, Old Story" was probably the best of her books, but "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Not Like Other Girls," and her first novel, "Nellie's Memories" (published as far back as 1868), have found almost as much favour with a very large public.

Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton is one of the most popular exponents of melodrama in fiction; she is a specialist in serial writing, and it has to be remembered that success in this branch of the literary craft does not depend at all on the prestige that has accrued to a writer from the merits of former work, but on the solid test of an increased circulation of the paper in which the serial appears. The most

Photo by Poole, Putney. **The late Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey.**

successful of her stories, "Hush Money," is too long to be issued as a six-shilling novel—it held for nearly two years the unflagging attention of the vast multitude of readers to whom it was presented in weekly instalments. At present Mrs. Leighton is busy planning another of her ingenious and emotional serial stories that is to be ready for publication during the autumn and winter in the popular weekly with which her work is mainly associated.

Having completed a new volume of nature stories to be called "Kings in Exile"—the stories are now running serially in the *Windsor*—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is preparing for the press another collection of his verses. He has made a beginning also on an aeroplane romance (largely of military and political adventure) which he is naming "The Runners of the Air." Mr. Roberts's books on wild life are written from a most intimate knowledge of his subject. He spent fourteen years of his boyhood in the far backwoods, and has frequented them ever since, from sheer love of the wilderness and the wilderness life; but he early gave up hunting the wild creatures because he grew to love them, and found studying them so much more interesting than killing them. Although Mr. Roberts has a place in a book that was recently issued at Boston on American Authors at Home, he says he is not really at home in that volume, for he is emphatically a Canadian and a Britisher, and throughout these last twenty-five years has been a strenuous advocate of the Federation of the Empire, for which he declared himself in his History of Canada that was published in 1896.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Winifred Graham (Mrs. Cory).

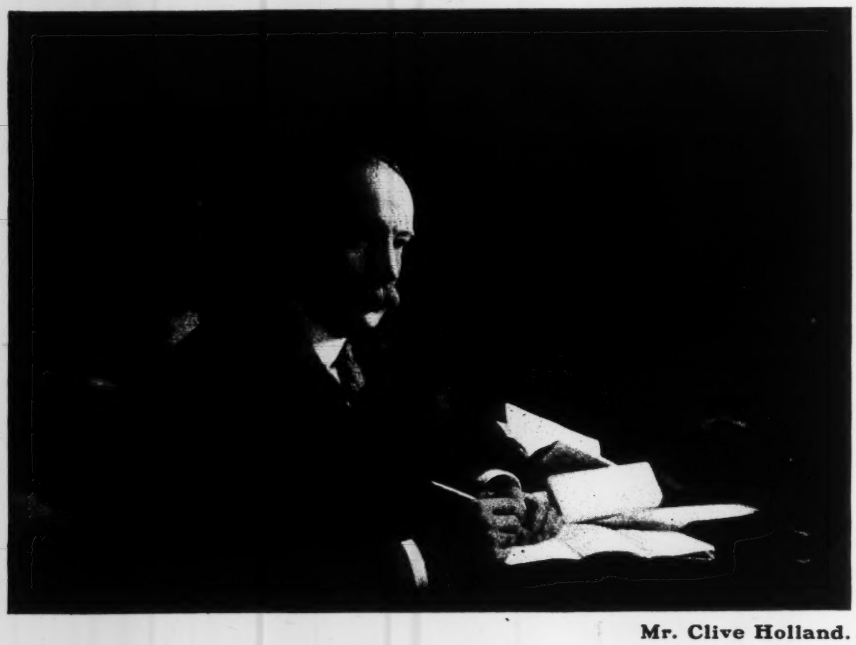
Photo by Noel Gasquoine.

The Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason.

"The Jockeys' Chaplain."

The Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason, who is well known as a county cricketer and sportsman, and better known as "the Jockeys' Chaplain," has just published a volume of his "Straight Talks to Stable Lads," a series of sermons which he delivered in the chapel that was built by Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, at Egerton House, Newmarket. Lord Marcus Beresford has written a preface to the book, a copy of which has been accepted by Her Majesty the Queen.

Mrs. Winifred Cory, better known as Winifred Graham, has spent most of her life in her riverside house on the Thames, at Hampton—a picturesque, historical old house that was built by Nell Gwynn for her son, the first Duke of St. Albans. She was married three years ago to Mr. Theodore Cory, a son of Mr. Richard Cory, who is a prominent figure in the social life of South Wales. Her novels, which number twenty-two, were all written with a purpose, and are devoted to the exposure of certain wrongs and evils of our own time. The many charmingly sympathetic stories of child-life she has



Mr. Clive Holland.

recently contributed to the *Strand Magazine* have added not a little to her popularity. She has just completed a new novel, perhaps the most startling and elaborate she has ever written, to which she has given the simple title of "Mary." It is the romance of a pure and beautiful woman, and deals with a great problem that must, she thinks, appeal equally to religious persons of all denominations.

Mr. Clive Holland is engaged upon a novel dealing with the romantic history of a noble family during the French Revolution, facts and papers relating to which history came into his possession when he was on a cycling tour through Normandy and Brittany a couple of years ago. He put a year's work into his new volume, "Tyrol and Its People," which we review on another page. Mr. Holland has known Tyrol for eighteen years past, and latterly has made several special visits to it for the purposes of this book.

A Hampshire man by birth, Mr. Clive Holland lives at Bournemouth in an old-fashioned house, which has a lovely garden, though but a few hundred yards withdrawn from the railway station, the tram lines, and the life of the town. He is a keen politician, does a great deal of public speaking, and has been asked to stand for Parliament in the Liberal interest, but prefers sea-bathing, tennis, cycling, and exploring untrodden byways; moreover, he is an enthusiastic amateur photographer whose pictures are seen at most of the exhibitions.

The Centenary of Oliver Wendell Holmes has not brought us Centenary editions of any of his works, but the Poems, the three Breakfast-Table volumes, and "Elsie Venner," are published by Routledge in so many forms and so inexpensively (some of us have the kindliest twenty-year-old recollections, for instance, of their handy sixpenny editions of the "Autocrat" and the "Professor" in yellow paper wrappers with a portrait of the author on the front), as well as by Macmillan, Ward Lock, Frowde, Dent, and Collier, that special Centenary editions would perhaps be only more or less fussy and superfluous. There have been several biographies of Holmes; among the best are those by J. T. Morse, Walter Jerrold, and W. S. Kennedy; and to these must now be added the Centenary Biography written by Lewis W. Townsend, to which we give due consideration elsewhere.

For much assistance with the illustrations in the present number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Headley Bros., and Messrs. Methuen.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *July* 21, 1909.

THE more you skate, the better you do it; the oftener you cook a veal pie, the surer grows your touch. "Practice makes perfect" in all the arts and handicrafts, it would seem, barring that of penmanship. In that, apparently, the more one practises the imperfecter becomes the result produced, and your real man of the pen writes—in seven cases out of ten—a hand that would reflect discredit on his own housemaid.

To write badly is, however, counted no disgrace. Mr. Andrew Lang would, I think, bear no one any ill will for giving to him, as many people probably would do, the palm as bad handwriter; indeed, he might be perhaps even a little vain of being instanced, as he seems almost always to be, as the classic example among English

literary men of the writer of glaringly eccentric and illegible penmanship. Amongst Americans I should imagine many people would recommend the bestowal of a similar palm upon Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has just sent me a letter, in the deciphering of which I and another spent some three-quarters of an hour.

Joaquin Miller (whose Christian names by actual christening were, by the way, Cincinnatus Heine, surely wisely changed to "Joaquin") is one of America's best known poets. According to the English Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, he with Bret Harte has produced the most striking pieces of literature the country has given the world in the last half-century. Mr. Miller's distinction and the extensiveness of his following (or perhaps rather the same imp that is responsible for starting all the absurd rumours which hourly tickle the ears of a credulous world) led to the news being printed that he planned to establish a "colony of poets" and conduct "a school of poetry." The names of some of his pupils were even mentioned, and a story got about which represented Mr. Miller acting in a fashion that seemed—to me at any rate—distinctly silly, and even fatuous. A "school of poetry" in California with classes made up of retired school teachers, ex-journalists, and what-not, sitting at the feet of a distinguished poet who stole time from his own work to explain to his anxious disciples how to use a rhyming dictionary—surely no picture could be more ridiculous! It was an idea to make not only Mr. Miller, but all America laughable.

It is more than pleasant therefore to find Mr. Miller disowning the plan with vigour. His letter, sent from his lusciously named home, Fruitvale, in California, was to the effect that "although as tired as ten tramp dogs" his annoyance at the poets' colony rumour compelled him to write at a certain length.

"No! no colony for poets. In the first place no real poets could be found to make such a place possible; even were I idiot enough to attempt it or idle enough to desire it. Never the story of Brook Farm and its failure, notwithstanding they had more genius than could be gathered to-day from all the continent. You are at liberty, and in fact would oblige me by putting this in some sort of shape and say how sorry I am that any one should start such a story. Heaps of daily items on this subject show that the crop of fools, as Carlyle says, is with us still."

Apropos of Joaquin Miller, by the way, perusal of his biography in that fascinating volume, "Who's Who," reveals the fact that his career has included in turn such varied occupations as these: miner, lawyer, express-messenger, editor, judge and poet. The list is at first sight rather striking both as to length and variety, yet when one turns to the biographies of other well-known men one cannot fail to see how large a number of them have had careers of equal complexity.

Some of us over here are rather grieved that one of our most distinguished men of learning, the ex-President of Harvard and the man whom the United States wished to send as ambassador to England, Dr. Eliot, should have lent himself to that most banal of tasks, the preparing of a list of "best books." The words of an English author recur in this connection. They were to the effect that such a list of books is a pretty silly thing for any one to set before himself, for the reason that a man who really cares for books will read them all, while the man who doesn't care for them is not likely to be helped by the list. With such good authority to serve as text (it is my impression that the remark quoted was made by Mr. Andrew Lang) I dare venture the opinion that an ignorant but ambitious person would be likely to get far more real good from the informal reading of the books that make a sincere appeal to him—even if the list ran from such extremes as Milton to Clifton Bingham—than from the uninspired and painstaking perusal of a set of "The World's so many Best Books."

Dr. Eliot's list has this much in its favour—it is original in having omitted from its numbers both the Bible and Shakespeare. The explanation of this, as given by the compiler of the list, is that every one has read these two works. This is an optimistic idea rather than a convincing one. Most of us must know one or two intelligent and not entirely uneducated people who cannot claim close acquaintance with either. Very likely these people keep their ignorance along biblical and Shakespearean lines to themselves. If, however, the question "Have you ever read the Bible and Shakespeare's plays through?" were to be embodied into the list of questions which the census-man asks his fellow-citizens, I fancy many a negative answer would come from unexpected sources. It is scarcely fair, therefore, to leave out these works on such a plea. The list is intended for those who have left unread those books which they ought to have read, and its compiler should surely not take for granted the slightest literary virtue on the part of any literary sinner he intends to help.

The books in the list are, by the way, to be issued, I understand, in a uniform set to be called probably the Harvard Library.

I recently mentioned, speaking in one of these letters about American magazines and the seriousness with which we over here take serial publication made in their pages, a novel called "The Inner Shrine" as having appeared anonymously in *Harper's* and having been the cause of much speculation. We do things generously in America, even when it comes to a question of mere guessing, and I understand we have already determined definitely that at least thirty-four people wrote the book. Various papers and individuals have their candidates, whom they support vigorously. The most telling attitude, however, is that of the many persons who say "Yes, of course, I happen to be in the secret, but naturally can't say anything definite at present."

Miss Mildred Howells, as it happens, is thirty-fourth in the list. She is a daughter of William Dean Howells, our venerable and still active novelist. Mr. Howells wrote me lately from his country home at Kittery Point, Maine, where he has now gone for the summer, that the latest project in connection with his work is for the publication of his books in "a library edition, as complete as may be." Were this edition to be absolutely complete it would make a small library in itself, for Mr. Howells has written a huge number of books and has, I believe, at least sixty-seven titles to his credit, not including the new volume of verse, "The Mother and the Father," out this year.

Hawthorne is one of the few American writers who seem to have a real reputation in England, and those English travellers in the States who spend more than the usual week in America should make a point of visiting Salem in Massachusetts, which, beyond being probably

the most picturesque little town in the States, is full of relics of Hawthorne. These relics consist both of buildings and objects connected with Hawthorne's material life, and of things and places which figured in his imaginary life and come into his stories. Of these latter the original House of the Seven Gables is an example. This house was built in early colonial times, and till forty years or so ago bore the seven gables immortalised by Hawthorne. Then it was modernised and the gables shaved ruthlessly away. I am reminded of this house at which, in contemplative childhood, I often stared while sucking the toffy of the district, called either "Salem Rock" or "Gibralters," by the fact of its recently reported sale for use as a place for Settlement work.

The book reviewer's lot is not usually a very exciting one. Once in a dozen lifetimes, to be sure, a critic stumbles, unprepared, on a Meredith or a Browning and has the sense to realise the encounter. Usually he opens with bored hands a parcel containing two average novels, telling the oft-told story in the oft-repeated way, a volume of medium dull reminiscences with such customary variegated anecdotes as suit the subject, and a dull serious book or two.

The other day, however, New York reviewers had a mild critical adventure. A book by Captain Mahan, the naval expert of international repute, came to hand. "One of those sea-books," said the reviewers as they took it up, and hoped they had not forgotten the difference between a mizzen-mast and a bowsprit.

It needs little imagination to picture their astonishment when the work on examination turned out to be, not a naval treatise, but a work on religion called "The Harvest Within." As one of the critics remarked—conversationally, not editorially—"There is, of course, no reason why a naval expert should not write a book about religion, but it *is* upsetting!"

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1 to September 1, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.—True Tilda. 6s.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

CLAY, BERTHA M.—The Ironmaster's Daughter. 6d.
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.—The Shoulder Knot. Frontispiece in colours. 6s.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Red Room. Frontispiece in Colours. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The House under the Sea. 6d.
WEYMAN, STANLEY.—From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. 1s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. CRACKNELL, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.P.—The School Geometry, Parts I. and II. Adapted from Geometry, Theoretical and Practical, Parts I. and II., by the same authors.
Ovid's "Metamorphoses" III., lines 1–250, 511–733, for University of Wales Matriculation, 1910. Edited by W. P. Steen, M.A., and A. J. F. Collins, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Edited by A. R. Weekes, B.A. 2s.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

HILL, G. F.—Historic Roman Coins. 10s. 6d. net.
KEARY, C. F.—The Mount. 6s.
MUMBY, F. A.—The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth. 10s. 6d. net.
WILKINSON, SPENSER.—The Nation and the Parties. 5s. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

WESTELL, W. PERCIVAL, and C. S. COOPER.—Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles, Parts X., XI., and XII. 1s. net per part.
WESTELL, W. PERCIVAL, and H. E. TURNER.—The Wood I Know. The Meadow I Know. The Stream I Know. The Common I Know. (Dent's Open-air Nature Books.) 8d. and 1s. net each.

Mr. Francis Griffiths.

RYVER, GEORGE.—The Rainbow Bridge. 6s.
SERVIAN, MARCUS.—Anne Invercourt. 6s.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

ANNESLEY, MAUD.—This Day's Madness. 6s.
ATTERIDGE, A. H.—Napoleon Brothers. With 24 Illustrations. 2 vols. 21s. net.
BIRMINGHAM, G. A.—The Search Party. 6s.
CLAY, ROTHA MARY.—The Mediæval Hospitals of England. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Bristol. With Illustrations. (The Antiquary's Books.) 7s. 6d. net.
COLVILLE, HELEN H.—St. Teresa of Spain. With 20 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
DAVEY, RICHARD.—Nine Days Queen. With 12 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
HARPER, CHARLES G.—The Autocar Road-book for Motorists and Cyclists. Vol. I.—South of the Thames. Vol. II.—North of the Thames. 7s. 6d. net each.
JACOBS, W. W.—Salt Haven. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
LUCAS, E. V.—A Wanderer in Paris. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by Walter Dexter, and 32 from photographs. 6s.
MAARTENS, MAARTEN.—The Price of his Doris. 6s.
MANN, M. E.—Avenging Children. 6s.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—The Squire's Daughter. 6s.
MASTERMAN, J. H. B.—Dawn of Mediæval Europe. 2s. 6d.
McCABE, JOSEPH.—Decay of the Church of Rome. 7s. 6d. net.
NOBLE, EDWARD.—Lords of the Sea. 6s.
OPPÉ, A. P.—Raphael. With 200 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
PARSONS, MRS. CLEMENT.—Sarah Siddons. With 20 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
PATMORE, K. A.—Court of Louis III. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
PODMORE, FRANK.—Mesmerism and Christian Science: A Short History of Mental Healing. 10s. 6d. net.
PYCRAFT, W. P.—Bird Life. 7s. 6d. net.
RHYS, GRACE.—The Bride. 6s.
RIDGE, W. PETT.—Splendid Brothers. 6s.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Rose of Savoy. With 16 Illustrations. 15s. net.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

KNOWLES, ROBERT E.—St. Cuthbert's of the West. Cheap Edition. With Illustrations by H. M. Brock. 1s. net.

Mr. John Ouseley.

HUNTER, ISABEL FRASER.—Land of Regrets. 5s. net.
LEWIS, E. G.—As One Flesh. 6s.
MOORE, THOMAS.—Life and Times of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. (Vol. VI., Irish Library.) 6d.
WALKER, WILLIAM SYLVESTER ("COOEE").—What Lay Beneath. 6s.
The Golfer's Calendar (1910). 14 coloured Illustrations. 1s. net.
Ouseley's Magazine, No. 1.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.—Billicks. 2s. 6d. net.
CHATTERTON, E. KEBLE.—Marriages of Mayfair. 1s. and 2s. net.
GALLON, TOM.—Brother Rogue and Brother Saint. 1s. and 2s. net.
GREEN, E. EVERETT.—Co-Heiresses. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—Troubled Waters. 6s.
MATHERS, HELEN.—Gay Lawless. 1s. net.
MATHERS, HELEN.—Love the Thief. 6s.
RAYLEIGH, CECIL.—Sins of Society. 1s. and 2s. net.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BEECHING, THE REV. H. C., D.Litt.—Francis Atterbury. (Makers of National History Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
BEYNON, R.—Drapery. (Pitman's Traders' Handbooks.) 2s. 6d. net.
COLQUHOUN, ARCHIBALD.—1912? Germany and Sea Power. 1s. net.
DE WEESE, TRUMAN A.—Practical Publicity. 7s. 6d. net.
DOUGLAS, SIR ARTHUR, Bt.—The Dominion of New Zealand. (All Red Series.) 7s. 6d. net.
EKE, J. A.—The Elements of Insurance. (Pitman's Practical Primers of Business.) 1s. net.
GANDY, J. P.—The Elements of Banking. (Pitman's Practical Primers of Business.) 1s. net.
HEYWOOD, ARNOLD, and F. HALL.—Shipping. (Pitman's Practical Primers of Business.) 1s. net.
PARKER, ERIC.—In Wind and Wild. 5s. net.
SCOTT, W. DILL, Ph.D.—The Psychology of Advertising. 6s. net.
TUPMAN, W. F.—Grocery. (Pitman's Traders' Handbooks.) 2s. 6d. net.
WESTON, W. JANE, M.A.—Guide to Précis Writing: (Pitman's Practical Primers of Business.) 1s. net.

Fleming H. Revell Company.

(England: Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

BROUGHTON, LEN. G.—Religion and Health. 1s. net.
SPEER, ROBERT E.—Paul: An All-round Man. 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—Exton Manor. (Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
STACE, HENRY.—The Adventures of Count O'Connor. (Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.

Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

BROOKS, FRANCIS, M.A.—The Poems of Leopardi. 3s. 6d. net.
LUGARO, E.—Modern Problems in Psychiatry. 7s. 6d. net.
SINCLAIR, SIR WM., M.A., M.D.—Semmelweis: His Life and his Doctrine. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co.

FITZGERALD, KATHLEEN (Adapted by).—Mille et une Nuits. Illustrated by Gilbert James. 1s. 6d. net.
FITZGERALD, KATHLEEN (Adapted by).—Histoire de Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated by Joseph Simpson and M. Lavars Harry. 1s. 6d. net.
MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Die Tragischen Komödianten. Translated by I. L. Benecke. 5s. net.
MITCHELL, C. D.—My Postcard Cook-book. 3s. net.
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Adapted for younger children by Helen King Robinson. 3s. 6d. net.
THURSTON, CLARA BELL.—The Jingle of a Jap. 4s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Skeffington & Co.

BARING-GOULD, S.—Silver Store. New and cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
PLOWMAN, MARY.—Monologues and Duologues. 2s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

COHEN, JACQUES.—Solution of the Universe's Riddle. 1s. net.
HARBOTTLE, T. B.—Dictionary of Latin Quotations. 3s. 6d. net.
THEAL, DR. G. McCALL.—History and Ethnography of South Africa. Vol. II. 7s. 6d.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

BASTIAT, FREDERIC.—Economic Sophisms, or Fallacies of Protection. 3s. 6d.
HARDY, REV. E. J.—How to be Happy though Civil. 5s. net.
JUSSERAND, J. J.—A Literary History of the English People. Vol. III. 12s 6d. net.
MARDEN, O. S.—Success Secrets. 2s. 6d. net.
PITMAN, E. M.—The Record of the University Boat Race. £1 1s. net.
WARWICK, C. F.—Mirabeau and the French Revolution. 8s. 6d. net.
WARWICK, C. F.—Robespierre and the French Revolution. 8s. 6d. net.
WARWICK, C. F.—Danton and the French Revolution. 8s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Dust of Conflict. 1s.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—An Imperial Marriage. 6s.
SMART, HAWLEY. Beatrice and Benedict. 6d.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Law of the Land 6d.
Guide to Switzerland 2s. 6d.
Guide to the Thames. 1s.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3, *and* 4 (*the subjects of these being the same each month*) *will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best expression of patriotism from English literature—in verse of not more than twelve lines, or in prose of not more than a hundred words.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to MISS ROBINSON, of Glengall, Romford, for the following:

THE POWERS OF MISCHIEF. BY SIR W. MAGNAY.

"Small boys
In long duffle jackets, and short corduroys."
Ingoldsby Legends (*Languedoc*).

We also select for printing:

THE COMING OF THE CHILD. BY J. C. TODD. (A. H. Stockwell.)

"Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here and see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can be!
Der beoples all dink dot no brains I haf got!
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine;
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine."
C. F. ADAMS, *Dot Baby off Mine.*

(Isabelle Swinscow, 2, Culverden Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.)

EMPIRE BUILDING (p. 180).

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"
THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Sybil Murray, Norton, Walton, Yorkshire.)

CUPID AND COMMONSENSE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!"
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.*

(Miss M. E. Bramley, Stocksbridge, nr. Sheffield.)

THE WOODEN HORSE. BY HUGH WALPOLE.

"And thereby hangs a tale."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. I. sc. iv.

(Maud Horton, Redcliffe, Blenheim Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

ATTAINMENT. BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

"Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man."
KIPLING, *Troopin'* (*Barrack-Room Ballads*).

(Richard O'Neill, 92, Berners Street, Ipswich.)

II.—It has been difficult to make this award. Several competitors have sent only one passage instead of three, and perhaps none have sent passages that are quite so obscure as are discoverable, but much the best examples submitted are those from MISS EVELYN M. ABBOTT, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, and the prize of THREE NEW NOVELS is awarded to her for the following :

(1) " If June be refulgent
With flowers in completeness,
All petals, no prickles,
Delicious as trickles
Of wine poured at mass-time,—
And choose One indulgent
To redness and sweetness :
Or if with experience of man and of spider,
She use my June lightning, the strong insect-ridder
To stop the fresh spinning—why, June will consider."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Another Way of Love.*

(2) " Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this Curse,
Ill deeds,—then be thou damned, beholding good :
Both infinite as is the universe,
And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude."
SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound.*

(3) " If to search deep the universe
Must pierce the searcher with the curse,
Because that bolt (in man's reverse),

" Was shot to the heart o' the wood, and lies
Wedged deepest in the best !—if eyes
That look for visions and surprise

" From marshalled angels, must shut down
Their lids, first upon sun and moon,
The head asleep upon a stone,—
. . . . . .
" What say ye unto this ? "
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets.*

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to F. G. HARDEMAN, Newcastle, Staffordshire, for the following :

NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS. By R. P. DUNN-PATTISON. (Methuen.)

Of " Napoleon " literature we can never weary—the spell of " the little Corporal " still endures. We have here, written with just discrimination, twenty-six miniature biographies of those remarkable men who were the instruments and sharers of Napoleon's triumphs. Alexander's generals, Charlemagne's paladins, pale before this brilliant band. Enthralled, we read once more of brave unfortunate Ney ; of Murat, vain, picturesque, adored of women ; of wily, corrupt Masséna, " spoilt child of victory " ; of double-dealing Bernadotte ; of Lannes, honest Republican to the last. But their mighty leader dominates their story, as he dominated them and the world a hundred years ago.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are :

BROTHERS ALL. By MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Methuen.)

There are very few masters of the short story in England, and Mr. Maarten Maartens may lay claim to a place among these few. It is true that these short sketches have little plot, but they have the almost rarer attribute of lifelike character-painting combined with bright and natural dialogue. Though the stories are full of humour, they are never frivolous, and, even in the slightest of them, the seriousness which must come to every true observer of life is never absent. They are true pictures of real people and never degenerate into caricature.

(Jean Aitken, 59, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.)

BARBARY SHEEP. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Methuen.)

" Barbary Sheep " is remarkable for its representation of the influence of scenery upon certain temperaments. The fascination of the Arab over the Western woman could only be realised when she was influenced by the desert weirdness. The Arab is the living embodiment of the fascinating scenery : yet he creates two contrasting emotions. Only those who feel a part of Kitty's longing towards the mystery of the unknown can realise the spell of the Arab. Others only feel extreme repugnance towards him throughout. Whatever resentment is felt towards the other characters, Crumpet, the typical solid Englishman, cannot fail to attract.

(Bertha Silkstone, 73, Berw Road, Pontypridd.)

MR. OPP. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. (Hodder.

" Nothing succeeds like success." Particularly does this apply to the hero of a favourite novel or play—success is demanded as a *sine qua non* of the reader's admiration and respect. Yet Mr. Opp has succeeded in capturing both, albeit he is one of the world's Failures. Alice Hegan Rice, with the delicate tenderness of insight, reveals this man to us, his ideals, his great heart, his child-like honesty, the beauty of his love for his imbecile sister ; and triumphantly sweeps the reader into the uncomfortable reflection that worldly wisdom is perhaps, after all, the fly in the ointment.

(Miss D. G. Morse, All Saints' Green, Norwich.)

CRIMINAL TYPES IN SHAKESPEARE. By AUGUST GOLL. Translated from the Danish by Mrs. WEEKES. (Methuen.)]

Our Danish author is a magistrate, and doubtless has experience of criminal types. His style is vigorous and interesting. But one thing strikes us as curious, the placing amongst these Shakespearean criminals Brutus, who, says Mr. Goll, " is, in spite of all, a murderer." Yet he allows him to be an idealist : and the common criminal type is surely not the idealist ! Did Shakespeare intend to represent Brutus as a criminal ? He has no more beautiful character in his plays : and it would still appear that the killing of Cæsar was solely in accordance with what he deemed his duty.

(Emily Shore, Roslyn, Park Road, Worthing.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews of M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), John Hood (Ayr), Chas. Smith (Bootle), Constance Ursula Kerr (Darleton), Mrs. A. R. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), Mrs. Harvie Anderson (Glasgow), Isaac Jackson (Manchester), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Muriel Gibbs (Penzance), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), H. W. Lee (Cambridge), Miss M. M. Edgar (Edinburgh), Alice M. Page (Sleights, Yorks), Miss J. Pearson (Halifax), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss M. A. Pressly-Smith (Oban, N.B.), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), Martin K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), and L. Welby (Shanklin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO " THE BOOKMAN " has been awarded to JOHN HARDY, Casilla, 151, Valparaiso, Chile.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
AUGUST, 1909.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. OLIVER ONIONS.

MR. OLIVER ONIONS, who dislikes pseudonyms, and whose name was his father's before him, was born in the North Country some thirty-six years ago. Why exactly he became a writer it would be difficult to decide, and it was the purest chance that started him actually upon the road. In the beginning, and by inclination, he sought to become an artist in black and white. He could never, by instinct, be otherwise than an artist, but without having seen his drawings one can feel sure that his second choice of a means of expression was the right choice. "Art's a rum job," Turner once declared, a remark that Mr. Onions himself is fond of quoting. It is curious that such very remarkable talents for authorship should have lain fallow and unsuspected for years, their possessor striving the while after the fugitive and rather limited immortality awaiting the "glever fellows," as Mr. Schulda would call them, who manage to hit upon a method of decorating bristol board to the public taste. Writing books, even not very good ones, is better fun than illustrating them, and Mr. Onions's books are very good indeed.

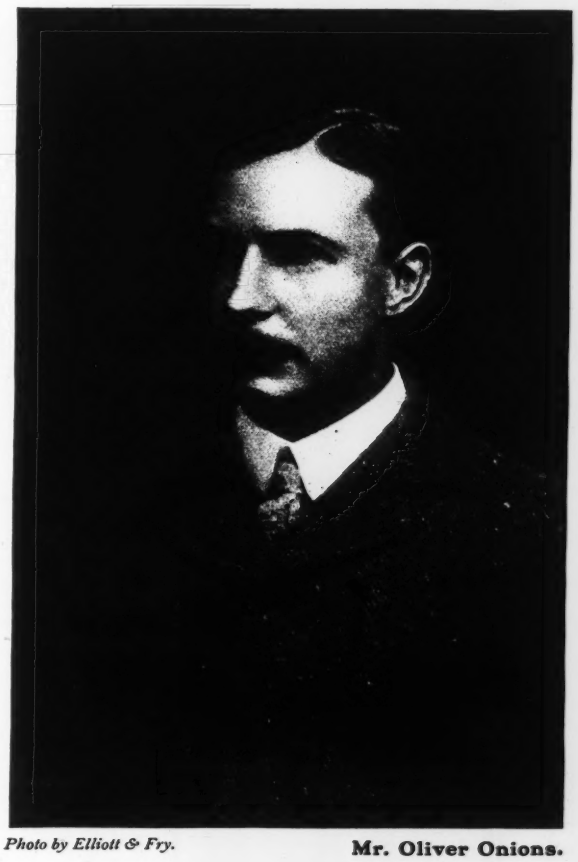


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Oliver Onions.

At seventeen or so Mr. Onions shut up his school books and left Bradford Grammar School with the avowed intention of embracing Art. It was at the National Art Training Schools of South Kensington, afterwards the Royal School of Art, that he set about doing this. Even as his Bradford school-days had afforded him the material for his description of the "Burlborough" of "Little Devil Doubt," with its variously graded board and secondary schools, and other educational phenomena of the provincial 'eighties, so do his pictures of the Royal School of Art bring vividly before us again the grotesque pageant of the Movements: Beardsley, Japanese Prints, the Birmingham Movement, "which shared the advantage of the Monet method of painting—it made it Awfully Easy"; and the cults of *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*. Beholding all these, George Mildmay, who was, if nothing else, a person of intelligence, found comfort in the words, above quoted, of our greatest modern painter.

There is much that is autobiographical in the story of Mr. George Mildmay. It fell to Mr. Onions's own lot, at twenty-two, to shake off the dust of the Royal School of Art from his feet, and straightway, portfolio-armed, to set about the invasion of Fleet Street. Three years of a rather up and down life landed him in the illustration department of a popular pictorial weekly, now defunct. He received the official rank of war artist, for those were the days when London ears ached under the perpetual tyranny of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and when Mrs. Binks of Borneo was patriotic "*jusqu'à la mode des dessus*." Mr. Onions then, at his desk in Fleet Street, depicted realistic encounters on veldt and kopje; indeed the "smoke-rings" with which he has credited Wriottesley, George Mildmay's ingenious assistant in the illustration department at Battye & Battye's, may have procured encomiums for himself from the authorities. Mr. Onions will have his joke.

It was about this time that Mr. Onions sat down and wrote, with no particular intention and certainly without any firm conviction of a call to Literature, a series of short sketches. He showed them to a friend, an American journalist, to whom his first book is dedicated. "I can sell these for you," said the friend, and did so. "The Compleat Bachelor," No. 1, came out in the *Sketch*, and was followed by the rest of that series of light and witty little papers, wherein Rollo Butterfield, the confirmed bachelor, his gentle and unsophisticated sister Caroline, Arthur Bassishaw, the good-looking, rather empty-headed but very straightforward young lieutenant, the fascinating Mrs. Loring, whose weakness was match-making, Millicent Dixon, the ideal spinster, and other minor characters, move, chatter, and make love with a vividness, animation, and grace infinitely refreshing to the reader wearied to tedium by the usual romances and *causeries* of our

lighter magazines. "The Compleat Bachelor" papers were a complete success, repeated when Mr. Murray published them as a book. That was Mr. Onions's first book, and it came out nine years ago, to be followed in 1902 by "Tales from a Far Riding." As can be gathered, it was to his native county that Mr. Onions went for inspiration in this case, as he has done in further books, "The Back o' the Moon," "The Drakestone," and the earlier part of "Little Devil Doubt." There is a power, a grip, and a finish about these Yorkshire stories that stamp them with a quality all their own. Rustic life and manners of the North Country, from Georgian times to our own, have had other interpreters, but none better equipped or more effective. There is a touch of grimness in all of them, or nearly all, of horror in some, but all are works of art. It is unusual, too, to meet with an English author who can produce a satisfactory story of twenty thousand words or so. The thing is done often enough, and well enough, in France, but qualified exponents of the *conte* are all too few among our own writers. One reads "The Last Gate," "The Maystang," and "The Huntingtowers," and registers a mental note to read them again. These "Tales from a Far Riding," published in 1902, were followed the year after by a departure. Still with Murray, there appeared "The Odd Job Man," a clever and unusual study of literary and artistic life in London, of Bohemia with the tragedy left in. One might note that it is generally cut out in novels. Percival Oddy, an artist of possible but not proved merit, has gone to the dogs. He meets a woman who takes an interest in him, and he works out his redemption. It means a battle of years for him, but he does it, and the sequel is not the obvious one. One can trace resemblances between certain scenes and characters of this novel and others in "Little Devil Doubt." Reggie Pardoe is Dick Keppel again, there are the same newspaper-men, Mr. Schulda is reminiscent of the old restaurant-keeper, and Hetty Bostock is very nearly Joe Tyers. The same spirit of cynicism upholds Cayley that maintained George Mildmay; both are in the employ of a power whose works are evil. Both help to forward the downfall of their masters by rendering their productions even more rotten and corrupt, till evil shall destroy itself. Cayley, for instance, comes upon a single truth in an article composed mostly of lies, and perverts it; if he finds an infinitive that is not split, he splits it, and puts the blame, in both cases, on the proof-reader. George punctures the pupils of the villain on the card bearing a design for "The Living Eyes," and achieves an effect that has never been equalled, for sensation, in the office. Also he suggests to the editors of "The Nonsuch Novels" ever wilder and wilder schemes of advertising, culminating in the "Hundred Pounds and a Husband" offer, all of which suggestions are acted on with delight. But such resemblances are nothing to cavil at. Any man is at liberty to improve one of his own ideas at any time, if it occurs to him to do so, and he so thinks fit.

The second and third volumes of Yorkshire stories, "The Back o' the Moon" and "The Drakestone," were issued by Hurst & Blackett in 1906, and there follows "Little Devil Doubt," published this year by Mr. John Murray, which was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and has already been drawn upon in this article. A children's book, "Admiral Eddy," found an immediate public, and voices of reviewers were heard warning Mr. Barrie to look to his laurels as arch-fabricator of charming make-believe.

Personal preference and the inducements of his publishers incline Mr. Onions to a continuance of novel-writing, though his shorter stories, familiar to readers of *Country Life* and other of the magazines, have brought him many admirers. A little reviewing he has done, but he was never a journalist. To any reader of his last book it will be obvious that Mr. Onions should admire the writings of such a one as H. G. Wells, and the fact, for he has declared it, that he does not care much for Mr. W. B. Yeats, is almost atoned for by his very whole-hearted devotion to the work of Turguenev and Conrad. Also, though he has many bugbears, cheap education is the biggest of them.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By Walter Jerrold.

"This time, three geniuses, Ai! to grace her favourite city:
The first, a bard; the second, wise; the third, supremely witty.
So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped, and stuck the label:
Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast-Table."

ONE of Oliver Wendell Holmes's compatriots, addressing him in compliment-wise just thirty years ago, imagined Nature in her workshop receiving from Miss Columbia the order indicated in the first of the above couplets; in the second he showed how the order was met. In the three volumes of his prandial talks—I use the word as the nearest equivalent, for we have it on De Quincey's authority that the Romans knew not breakfast—we have Holmes but in one aspect, that of the versatile writer gifted with poetic fancy, rich humour, and an optimistic philosophy. It is as such that he lives and will live. It has to be remembered, however, that he was firstly a medical practitioner and then for thirty-five years a University professor, during part of which time, as he put it, he "paid some attention" to literature. Narrow is the fame of the doctor or professor compared with that of the man of letters, and four years after resigning his professorship, Holmes wrote that he was "no longer known chiefly as a teacher or practitioner"; now—except to those who sat under him at Harvard—he may be said to be known not at all in these capacities. It is nearly sixteen years since he died, and if his work has fallen a little into the background, it is that which almost inevitably happens in the case of the most popular of writers. When it is a matter of mere popularity, brought about by more or less adventitious circumstances, the neglect into which an author's work falls after his death meets with no reaction; but where popularity has been accorded to true literary excellence the neglect or comparative neglect—for it is rarely more than that—is as a rule followed by a reaction, and the work becomes classic. The best work of Oliver Wendell Holmes may be said to be following that rule.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it."
Whittier's "Our Autocrat."

As to what is the best part of Holmes's work, there is little likely to be much disagreement. For the majority of readers he is the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" (using that title as comprehending the three books associated with the matutinal meal) and writer of humorous verse; for a smaller circle he is also a tender and delicate poet and a novelist; and for a still smaller circle he is the man of medicine. Of the eleven volumes of his collected writings the medical essays form one—a volume which is probably but little read. Yet it may be recalled that as doctor Holmes has been credited with having established beyond doubt the infectiousness of puerperal fever, and it may be said that anti-homœopathists will find in his essay on "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions" a serviceable battery of arguments and illustrations. It is of Holmes the poet, the "Autocrat," the novelist, that we think chiefly now in this hundredth year since his birth.

It was on August 29, 1809, that Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in the then village of Cambridge in Massachusetts — a village that within a decade became the birthplace of another poet, James Russell Lowell. From several local schools he proceeded to Harvard and from Harvard to Paris, where he studied medicine, returning to Harvard to take his degree in 1836, in which year he published the first collection of his poems. His father was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, "a clergyman who taught the old-fashioned Calvinism, with all its horrors, and yet apart from his religious creed was a gentleman of humanity and cultivation." In the poet's biography is given the facsimile of a page from an almanac for 1809, in which the Rev. Abiel Holmes has written "son b." It is a curious fact which has escaped comment that the almanac-maker had put weather forecasts against various dates, for instance running from August 1 to 5 we have "Flying clouds with signs of rain," then against the 29th is the one word "Pleasant," surely the most

significant word which could have been put against the natal day of a man who, as it was happily summed up:

"Lived to show that wit may be
Divinely kind, divinely wise;
That looking on earth's misery,
The clearest are the kindliest eyes."

Those lines by the late H. C. Bunner—an American writer who died all too early—sum up the "pleasantness" of Holmes, a man informed with kindliness even when he took in hand the pen of the satirist. It has, indeed, been suggested that the writer carried into his work over-much of that suavity which is no unimportant part of a doctor's equipment, but the objection must be that of one who has little idea of all the strength that may lie behind the gentleness.

"I was just going to say when I was interrupted"—such is the abrupt beginning of the series of monthly articles which became that volume brimful of wit and humour, philosophy and fancy, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"; the first of a series of works which may be regarded as starting a new genre in literature. It is something of the essayist, something of the raconteur, something of the table-talker, that we get in this wonderful "breakfast-table" trio, and the whole is informed with that pleasant egotism which delights, but never bores the listener. It is difficult to sum up in a few words the sunny graciousness of the whole, the effect which it leaves on the reader, at once of culture and catholicity, of sweetness and light. We may like one of the three volumes more than the others, may affect to prefer the greater spontaneity of the "Autocrat" to the deeper thought of the "Professor" or the "Poet," yet essentially the three are one. In each part of this whole we find the same kindly wisdom, now playing about the foibles of men, now touching the highest and deepest themes, but always expressed with a clearness that makes its appeal even to those who like to run (not skip) as they read. The method in which he elected to express himself was that of the talker, a method which, as he recognised, lent itself so well to playing round a subject, illuminating it by hints and flashes. As he put it:

"Spoken language is so plastic—you can pat the wax, and spread, and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling. Out of it come the shapes

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.
1893.

Dear

Yours of the is received. I can do little more than acknowledge the reception of the very numerous communications which come to me from unknown friends, near and distant, many of them containing requests to which I cannot conveniently pay the desired attention.

Regretting that I find my time, my eyes, and my hand overtaxed by an ever increasing correspondence, I am

Yours very truly,

Form of acknowledgment used by Oliver Wendell Holmes in replying to applicants for his autograph.
Kindly lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's House at Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it;—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."

There is a world of humour in that "if it is within reach." In the talk of these three volumes—four if we include the "Over the Teacups" of 1890—while affecting to speak to the circle about the table he was consciously addressing a far wider audience, but he never forgot the self-imposed character of the talker. He might be the "autocrat," but, as talk about a dinner-table (to mention the meal usually associated with conversation since Time put a period to the breakfast-parties of Rogers and of Milnes) should be general and on a variety of subjects, so he passes lightly from theme to theme and from time to time indicates the fact that his table-fellows have had something to say; never allowing his talk to become a Coleridgean monologue or giving the impression of a Macaulay-like monopoly.

A poet, a doctor, and man of culture, Holmes was also a sample of the best of New England humanity at a peculiarly interesting period of America's intellectual life. His best work was achieved at a time when English literature was being enriched in America by the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Hawthorne, and Lowell, when indeed the American branch of English literature had almost at once as it were passed from the amateur to the classic. Contemporary of that distinguished band,

Photo by W. Notman, Montreal. Kindly lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold. **Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

Boston, Sept. 18 1893

My dear Mr. Jerrold,

Your grandfather's grandson would have read as introduction to me I am blest the pleasure of a visit from you.

As to your suggestions about making use of some of my poems I should have to refer you to my Publishers Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co, No 4 Park St. Boston they attend to I always agree with.

The best photograph of me is one taken less than two years ago by the Notman Company of Montreal you have access to. If they will furnish it, or if they do not I will.

I write in haste, not being yet returned to Boston, though I am in a few days. I will try & obtain your wishes any way I can and my Publishers will do what they can I feel sure to help you in any practicable way

Very truly Yours

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I send you of my printed Journals to show you the kind of book my correspondents

Autograph Letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Kindly lent by Mr. Walter Jerrold.

The Poor Relation.

"The economically organised female in black bombazine."

The Old Gentleman Opposite.

"The old gentleman who sits opposite . . . sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him."

The Landlady's Daughter.

"*Æt.* 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes?' when you tell her anything."

Holmes outlived them all, and now there are perhaps ways in which it may be said, as it was said by Mary Russell Mitford nearly sixty years ago, that he is the most distinctively national of them all. The test of reprinting indicates indeed that of the nine authors named he remains in point of popularity, after Longfellow, the one most read in England. Taking them as represented each by his best-known work, we find that while there are nineteen current editions of Longfellow's "Poems," there are eighteen of Holmes's "Autocrat," while Emerson ("Essays") and Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter") are bracketed together in the third place with sixteen each. Holmes, then, it may be taken for granted, is still read, his happy philosophy, his irradiating humour, retain their power of pleasing. His essays—to use a term which does not exactly fit, but is perhaps the most convenient label—and some of his poems are little likely to fall into neglect, for it was given to him in a peculiar degree to combine the entertaining with the didactic—though surely didacticism was never delivered by autocrat more urbane. If he carried into his essays and his verses something of the professor's habit of inculcating useful knowledge, he did not (to employ the time-honoured illustration) make us take the powder by hiding it in jam, but he made the powder

The Deacon.

"It was on the terrible earthquake-day,
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay."

The Young Fellow called John.

"He can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half's knowing it."

The Port-Chuck.

"Hullo, you-sir, joo know th' wuz gŏn'-to be a race to-morrah?"

"No. Who's gŏn'-to run, 'n' wher's't gŏn'-to be?"

"Squire Mycall 'n' Doctor Williams, round the brim o' your hat."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

Benjamin Franklin.
"Our landlady's youngest is called Benjamin Franklin."
Illustration from the First Edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

itself no less palatable than the medium in which it was offered. His clear thinking was rendered in the clearest of literary styles, his poetic imagination and command of wit gave him the power of lighting upon the happiest of illustrations, some of which have passed into common literary usage with Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington. Such is the illustration given simply in the "Autocrat" of the three distinct personalities subtly imagined as being in each of the two persons taking part in dialogue. The "three Johns" have come to be a familiar allusion. Holmes was, it has been said, a teacher, a writer who had nearly always a "purpose" in his writing, but he was such ever in a friendly fashion, never in a pedantical. To read him as dispenser of wit and wisdom over the breakfast-table is to be at once entertained and elevated, to get a freshened and wholesome outlook on life and its problems.

If, however, it is as matutinal mentor with a keen sense of humour and a lively desire to amuse that Oliver Wendell Holmes is likely to be longest remembered, he is also a poet, at his best, of rare gifts. And even in his lighter pieces and his *vers d'occasion*, he showed a readiness of fancy and a felicity of phrasing by no means common. "The Chambered Nautilus" may be regarded as having taken its place among that handful of dainty delights, our choicest lyrics. Again and again he so moves us that "when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears, he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter." But though, as he recognised, a large proportion of his readers—"two-fifths at least, if not the total half"—were ever on the *qui vive* for laughter, and though he was ready enough to respond with giving them occasion for that healthful exercise, he is not to be classed as a "funny man." He was a great humorist, and the great humorist is always one of deep and sincere feeling. "Still waters run deep" is a favourite saying with those who would excuse their want of animation by hinting at their depth. Of the fact that deep waters do not always advertise their depth by their stillness every famous humorist is an illustration. But if much of Holmes's poetry is marked by the play of light upon the surface, if some of it is mere fun, there is also much of deep feeling, of keen insight, and of that which may have been "oft thought before but ne'er so well expressed." How admirably, to allow myself the pleasure of a single quotation where many might be given, has he summed up "Our Limitations":

"We trust and fear, we question and believe,
From life's dark threads a trembling faith to weave,
Frail as the web that misty night has spun,
Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun.
While the calm centuries spell their lessons out,
Each truth we conquer spreads the realm of doubt;
When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's throne,
The chosen Prophet knew His voice alone;
When Pilate's hall that awful question heard,
The Heavenly Captive answered not a word.

"Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres!
From age to age, while History carves sublime
On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,
How the wild swayings of our planet show
That worlds unseen surround the world we know."

Each of the manifestations of the genius of Holmes would provide ample materials for a separate essay, and though as novelist he cannot be said to have touched high success, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" are interesting stories, full of humour and of character-observation, their chief attraction lying, however, in the presentation of physiological and psychological problems concerning ante-natal influences on living people.

As "autocrat," poet, or novelist, there is in Holmes a sanity and a vigour inspired by imagination and, in its rendering on the printed page, often sparkling with humour, such as make him always a companionable and cheering writer. He has tonic qualities, and it is impossible to read much of his work, prose or poetry, without feeling the brighter and the better for it—brighter in spirit and therefore better able to go on with the day's work.

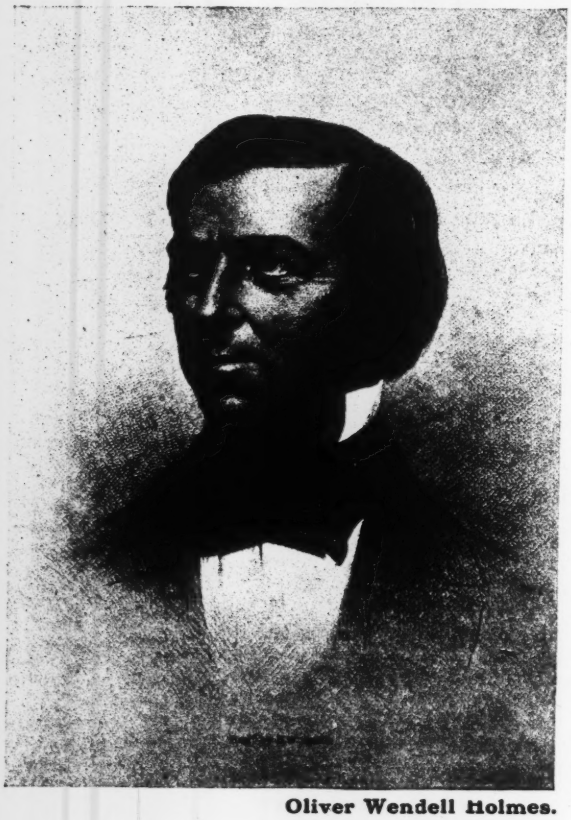
The Schoolmistress.
"Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly . . . I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love."
Illustration from the First Edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

PATHOLOGY AND POETRY.

By Stephen Paget.

IT is an old fact, that the sciences have a bad effect on literature; and the medical sciences, here, are the worst offenders. If the doctor would write memorable poetry, he must forget, and make us forget, that he is a doctor. He must pretend that he knows nothing of the workings of the body. To him, a blush and a tear and a disease must appear as inexplicable surprises, wholly strange and past finding out. Till he is free and quit of his medical self, he cannot say the right thing about the blush of innocence, for he knows how it is done; neither can he describe the starting tear, for he knows where it starts; neither can he put in poetry a disease, if his mind still runs on germs and temperature-charts. Homer, in two words and no more, described Penelope laughing through her tears, and crying for sheer happiness: Virgil, in two words, *lacrymæ rerum*, raised the act of crying to the dignity of a cosmic process. They neither knew, nor cared, how it was done: and, to be able to write poetry about a woman crying, a man must forget her lacrymal glands. Above all, he must get right away from that mass of observations which is called Psychology; must understand his fellow-men as Horace and Shakespeare understood them, as types, not as specimens.

It is waste of time, therefore, and worse, to be looking in Holmes's poems for evidence that he was a doctor: it is looking for what ought not to be there: it is less criticism than gossip. We take his poetry for its own sake, as the work in play-hours of a busy man who was exceptionally lovable, sociable, and equable. He went through a long, happy, quiet, healthy life, giving and taking sunshine. His poetry is affectionate, not passionate; clear, not profound. He would have written a good comedy, a bad tragedy. He is hardly to be called a major poet: his religious poetry is far below Newman, his social poetry below Pope, his romantic poetry below Stevenson. It is easy, for a man sitting here at one end of a pen, to write in this way of Holmes's poems: it is better, and no less easy, to be thankful for a goodly store of pure, clean-cut, honourable thoughts, put in graceful and harmonious verse. Only, from time to time, comes the wish that he had gone up a little higher, down a little deeper; had ventured to say more of the sunless aspect of life. Hood, for example, who played with poetry as a baby plays with a rattle, and punned incessantly, yet wrote "I remember, I remember" and "The Song of the Shirt," and the "One more unfortunate." Kingsley, whose poetry was often third-rate, yet gave us a handful of poems that will not soon die. For these two men had this elemental advantage, that they felt, keenly and furiously, hardship. "Poor Tom Hood" learned to strike finer poetry out of trouble than Holmes ever got out of happiness. Kingsley was obsessed by the vision of poverty, sweated labour, filthy slums; and out of this obsession he wrote "The Poacher's Widow," one of the finest ballads in our language. Holmes would have been a better poet for a touch of the scourge. He is too content. Put his gaiety side by side with Stevenson: we delight in the gaiety of Stevenson, and of Lamb, because it comes off trouble, like spray off a wave against a rock. Holmes's gaiety is like the froth off a glass of champagne; but very good champagne. He was one of those well-behaved children of Nature who go through the school of Life without a flogging. Nature was quietly fond of him, and he of her: and there they stopped. She never told him what was at the back of her mind; and he never asked. He is Mendelssohn among poets, not Beethoven: one of the many Mendelssohns (Heaven be praised for each of them) who bring, for our discords, melody, and for our restlessness, peace.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

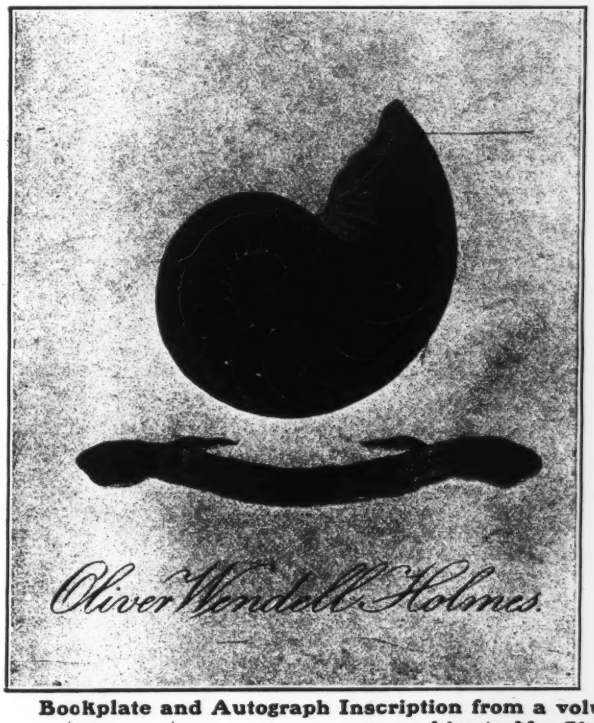
So gentle and so pleasant are his poetical writings, so wide in their sympathy, so free from all professionalism, save for occasional dear little jokes about flies in stethoscopes and the like, that the world never associates his name with pathology. Yet he who wrote, in later years, that beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," wrote also, in 1842, and

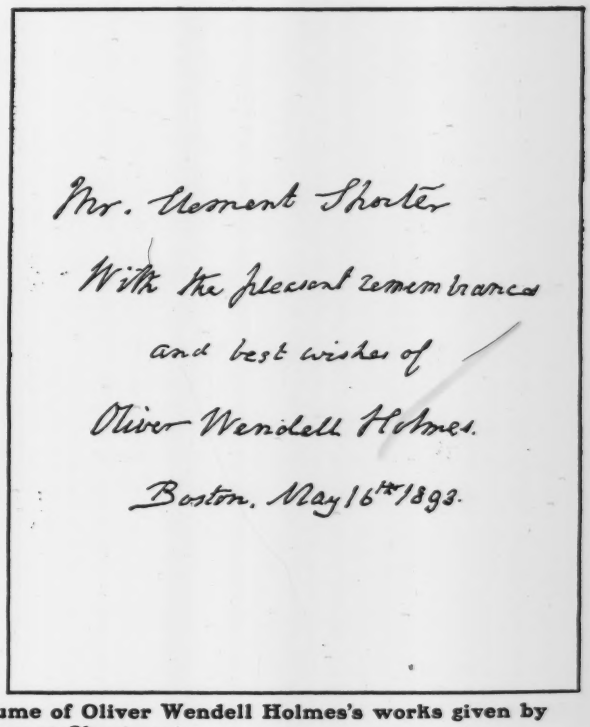
published in 1843, a memorable essay on the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever. A full history of this essay was published, three years ago, by the late Dr. Cullingworth, a man eminent in his profession, and dear to a legion of friends. ("Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." By Charles J. Cullingworth, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Glaisher, 1906.) Holmes was not the first doctor who called attention to the dreadful manner in which the disease was transmitted from case to case. Alike in this country and in the United States, the truth had been told, again and again, by this or that doctor, at this or that meeting of a Medical Society, enforced by lists and instances which one reads with horror, and with dread that seventy years hence people will be looking with equal horror at what we now call modern medicine and modern surgery. This dread may be put aside; the work of the last thirty years will not be forgotten in the work of the next seventy; but the man of science and the man of practice have still a way of saying to themselves

> "It makes me mad, to see what men shall do—
> And we in our graves."

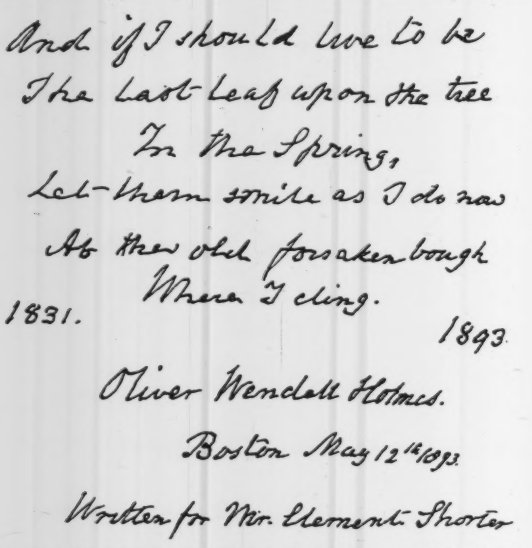
Anyhow, in 1842, though the truth about puerperal fever was in the air, there it remained, and had not come down to earth. Semmelweis, in 1842, had not yet taken his degree; and his first observations on the cause of the disease were not published till 1847–8. When he did publish them, a storm began to rise of prejudice and of opposition, which drove him out of his professorship, and at last out of his mind. He could not make himself heard, in Vienna, for the violence of the storm. In the United States, it does not appear that Holmes came near sharing the fate of Semmelweis. The medical journal, says Dr. Cullingworth, in which the essay was published, "had only a very restricted circulation, and died a natural death when it was but a year old. Thus the essay was practically buried; and, until its reissue with additions in 1855, cannot, as the author himself says, be held to have been brought fully before the profession."

It was reissued because, ten or more years after its first appearance, two professors, having authority in two of the chief medical schools in America, declared, *urbi et orbi*, the old pernicious false doctrine of the "non-contagiousness of puerperal fever." One of them, indeed, went out of his way to be not only dangerous as a false teacher, but offensive to Holmes. It is enough, to judge his teaching by one phrase: "I prefer to attribute them (the outbreaks of the disease) to accident, or Providence, of which I can form a conception, rather than to a contagion of which I cannot form any clear idea, at least as to this particular malady." The good rule, that pathological facts and instances are not suitable for "general reading," forbids here any long quotations from this essay of Holmes; but every page of Dr. Cullingworth's book is worthy of study. It reveals Holmes at a great height of passion, denouncing judgment, calling God and man to witness: Holmes, as Dr. Cullingworth says, in the spirit of one of the Hebrew prophets: with more exalted anger, with profounder pity, than we find either in his poems or in his familiar prose. "No man makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother, with her new-born infant at her breast. There is no epithet in the vocabulary of slight and sarcasm that can reach my personal sensibilities in such a controversy. . . . There is no quarrel here between men,





Bookplate and Autograph Inscription from a volume of Oliver Wendell Holmes's works given by him to Mr. Clement Shorter.
From the library of Mr. Shorter.


And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.
1831.
1893
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Boston May 12th 1893
Written for Mr. Clement Shorter

Inscribed in one of Holmes's books. From the library of Mr. Clement Shorter.

but there is deadly incompatibility and exterminating warfare between doctrines. . . . Let the men who mould opinions look to it. . . ." But, where he rises highest in the intensity and vehemence of his wrath, the general reader had better not go with him, for fear of particulars.

Still, there it is, waiting to be read, this old page torn out of the book of Holmes's life, this record of his furious indignation against the Scribes and Pharisees of his profession. Imagine that it had not been lost, buried in a little medical magazine which carried it to the grave of all unread medical books. Imagine it received with that welcome which was given to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table": sold, edition after edition, hundreds of thousands of copies: read by every doctor, known to every household, quoted, translated, universally accepted and read and laid to heart. What a legion of lives it would have saved; what a heavy burden of fear and of mourning it would have lifted. Are we not within the mark if we guess that a hundred thousand copies would have saved not less than a thousand lives? And they might profitably have been sold, in that quantity, for twopence a copy: and the truth, once proved, would never have been lost.

But he handed on this torch to other runners, and in time it came to Pasteur. Nature had other uses for Holmes: he was to be a great teacher of anatomy, and a great man of letters. He gave, year in, year out, admirable and authoritative lectures in one of the greatest of the world's medical schools. Of these thirty-five years of steady academic teaching, there are two good accounts, from men who knew him well, in the *Practitioner*, January, 1901:

"He always makes people attentive, and I have been told that there is no professor whom the students so much like to listen to. In one of his books he says that every one of us is three persons, and I think that if the statement is true in regard to ordinary men and women, Dr. Holmes is at least half a dozen persons. He lectures so well on anatomy that his students never suspect him to be a poet, and he writes verses so well that most people do not suspect him of being an authority among scientific men. Though he illustrates his lectures by quotations of the most appropriate and interesting sort from a wonderful variety of authors, he has never been known to refer to his own writings in that way."

"His knowledge of anatomy was that of the scholar, rather than that of the practitioner. He delighted in the old anatomists and cared little for the new. He maintained that human anatomy is much the same study that it was in the days of Vesalius and Fallopius. He actually buttonholed book agents, little accustomed to be pressed to stay, in order to put them to shame by the superiority of the illustrations in his old anatomies. It pleased him to discuss whether we should say the Gasserian or the Casserian ganglion. He said more than once that a twig from one of his nerves ran to every one of his books."

It is worse than idle to wish that Holmes had given himself not to anatomy but to pathology, that he had prepared the way, by incessant study of other infective diseases, for Pasteur. It took a thousand men, and a hundred thousand inductions, to prepare that way; and Pasteur, even so, came less as a natural result of other men's work than as a sudden gift from Heaven, to be described in those words alone which Pope wrote of Newton. To prophesy, in 1842, the coming of Pasteur, was no more possible than to prophesy, thirty years ago, the coming of wireless telegraphy

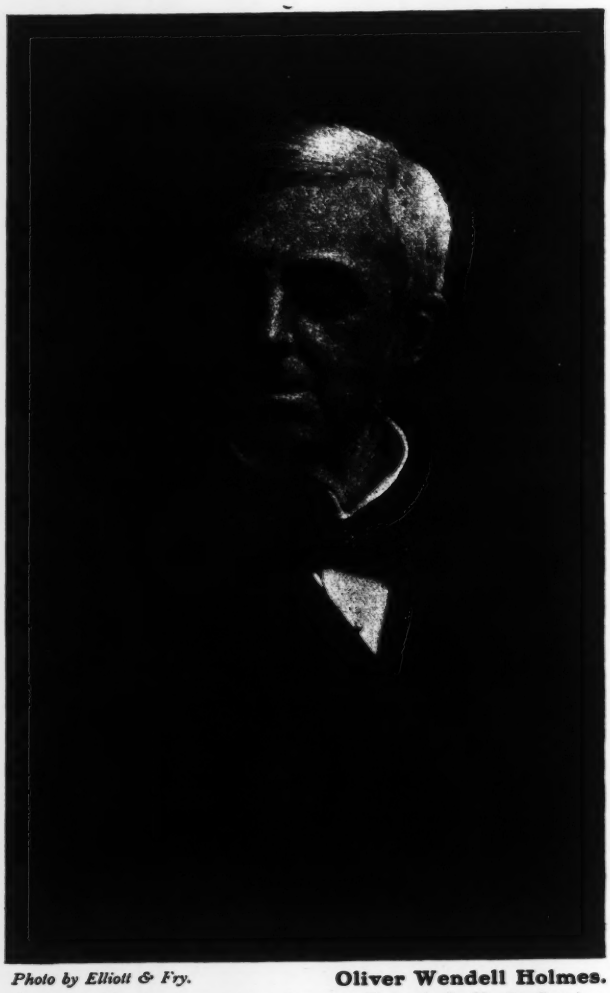
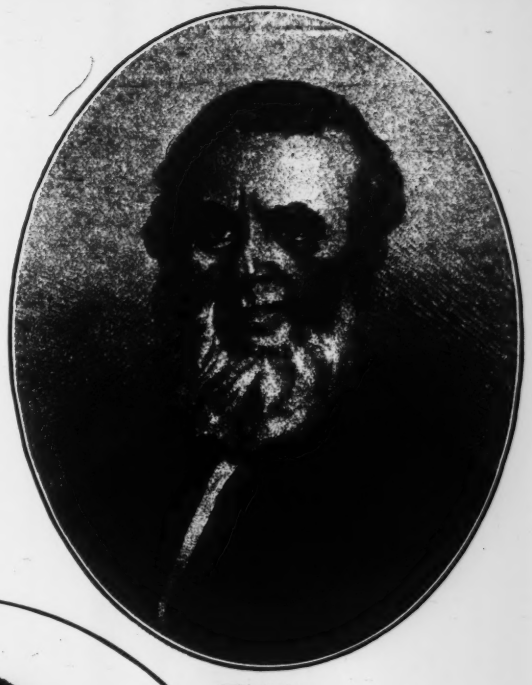


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Oliver Wendell Holmes.**
From "Oliver Wendell Holmes: Centenary Biography." (Headley Bros.)

Hawthorne.



Whittier.

"Simultaneous with the appearance of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and perhaps arising out of it, there sprang up the Saturday Club. . . . Nothing else in Dr. Holmes' life gave him so much pleasure as did this club. . . . There is something a little tender about his disproportionate view of this gathering, but it certainly claimed among its members the most notable literary men of America — Emerson, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow — these are but a few of those who met together."—From "Oliver Wendell Holmes: Centenary Biography." (Headley Bros.)

Longfellow.

From a drawing by Samuel W. Rowse.

Emerson.

Lowell.

SOME FRIENDS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

and of aëroplanes: and they who run about the streets of Science, crying "Lo here" and "Lo there," are most of them not to be believed. Holmes, wisely and rightly, gave his life to those works for which it was designed. There was a time, in the early years, when he seemed to be looking for that martyrdom which came to Semmelweis, but not to him. Nothing happened. He turned his mind to anatomy, and became a famous teacher, who lectured at Harvard, not in the grim Dutch fashion of Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," but with the air of the Renaissance, an American Vesalius. It is no wonder that he was popular with his students, he who was popular with all the world. Had he a single enemy, once the palæolithic Dr. Meigs had been unable to fasten a quarrel on him? Was there ever a man with more friends and admirers? From every page of his books comes music; and though it be none of the deep and solemn music of tragedy, it is good wholesome times, that go pleasantly in a man's head, whatever may be his walk in life.

ST. PAUL'S CHIMES.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

IN London's heart, the home of toil and love,
Where, round the cross, the silver-breasted dove
Is circling to the music of your chime—
Or brooding in the golden mist above
The docks and shipping and unresting river,
A little height beyond the smoke and grime
That veil the haunts of love and grief and crime—
Still, day and night, your message you deliver,
To point the record of unpausing time:
Reflecting on your dial,
For watchful man's espial,
Earth's tale of hourly movement on through space;
On, round her axis turning,
About a splendour burning,
With punctual inexorable pace:
While, daily, like some bird on slanting wing,
She holds incessantly the wondrous poise
That will secure recurrent vernal joys;
The perfume, colour, music of the Spring!—
Still drawn to him she never will embrace,
Who warms her winter into summer grace,
As if reluctant, yet persistent, goes—
Repelled and drawn—enriched with human freight,
Made glad with winged and footed fellowship
Of beast and bird, and finny ocean-deep,
And fair wild things, from holly berry to rose—
Nor out of her ellipse with random slip
Has ever fallen, nor flown with random leap
To swift destruction and abysmal fate!
Still dost thou mark unerring, how she moves
In that vast cosmic order where she proves
One influence, small and incommensurate,
In that wide universe whereof man knows
No certain boundary, where the mystery glows
Magnetic with unseen, unknown vibrations
Of ancient stars and ever-new creations,
The infinite of endless constellations,
Which human thought can never violate.

For what are days and hours and months and years,
While seasons come and go
And lives move to and fro,
But rhythmic interwheeling of the spheres
Whose balanced flight in everlasting chase,
Which man recalls upon your homely face,
Are no true measure of his hopes and fears,
His joys divine, his agonies and tears;
Though you, two-handed, made to measure time,
Through day and night the mystic numbers chime!
Yet man, while onward faring
Through many an age and clime—
From light to darkness, back through dark to light,
With dawn forever following after night—
Will note your solemn chime
And set his clocks to rhyme
With our small earthly wheel
In that most wondrous, universal Clock,
Whereon the Source of Law has set His seal—
Through darkness, light preparing,
For life, through death, still caring,—
That timepiece none may alter or unlock
Save One Who made it.
Men may gaze and mock—
Its pendulum will rock
Through all æonian change and temporal shock,
'Mid cycling evolution,
Or sequent devolution
And starry revolution,
On to the end of time!

And when the Master shall the heavens roll
At last together, like a finished scroll,
To give us welcome at the "Marriage-feast"
Which will the dual riddle perchance resolve
That man has ever vainly yearned to solve—
Beyond the caravanserai of earth,
With all its dream of human death and birth,
Love having slain the dragon and the beast!—
Then, if we see no more the Clock august
That shall have vanished with the starry dust
And all the bodies breathing mortal breath,
We shall not much remember it, nor care,
When hope's fruition faltering memory shrives!

Oh, then at last, when all division's over
And joy has come to every faithful lover,
While those "twice-born," beyond the reach of death,
Gaze on the Face they longed for all their lives,
All earthly love—immortal, bright or dim—
Fulfilled and found again in finding Him;
Unless their heaven be hell because they read,
In one long answering look that will not spare,
Of strength they wasted whereof love had need,—
They will be thankful Life of time is bare!

New Books.

GRANDFATHER BULL, BY UNCLE JONATHAN.*

It is a disconcerting thing, ordinarily, to see yourself suddenly in the mirror. If your perfect double were to walk into a roomful of people in which you were present, you would probably exclaim, "Who is this bounder?" and it is possible that you might get a glimpse of one or two of those faults which are secret only to yourself. In a similar way, it is a little puzzling to be called upon suddenly to recognise and to express a verdict upon a composite portrait of "an Englishman"—by an American. The three ways of taking the likeness are amusingly illustrated by the three typical weeklies. After softening down a few asperities, due to ignorance, the *Spectator* concludes that an author who can appreciate England so well must be essentially praiseworthy. The *Nation*, in the true spirit of Charles James Fox, always likes to see an Englishman chastened, and could only have wished that the author had added a little more tartare sauce to the dressing. The *Saturday* is almost bewildered at the spectacle of a Yankee writing like a gentleman and in decent English, and is half inclined to take a more sanguine view than ever before of colonial promise. That the book is entertaining no one can deny. It belongs to a rather specious type of literary exercise. But there are reasons why it has a value, peculiar to itself, beyond most of its species.

The chief reason is that but for the accident of his nationality the author is such an uncompromising Englishman. His feeling on the proper subjection of women is, it might be thought, almost Turkish; but in his keen appreciation of the disciplinary value of sport, in his old-fashioned prejudice against French shallowness and frivolity, in his scorn of education, newspaper men, and socialists, and in his stern disapproval of coddling the weak and worthless, he is a regular top-booted John Bull of the finest flower of the Jingo era. Let us summarise a few typical impressions as they come. No lightness about meals in England! What you want is not refused you, but what they have and like is gradually forced upon you. So they govern their Colonies. No raising of voices. No useless and prolonged discussion, no heat generated, no ridicule of your habits, or eulogy of their own, none of these, but just slow moving and unchanging, confident bulk. . . . The servants appear very servile, but this is a mere delusion. They have their professional pride, their precedence, their code. They are not interim servants, but servants for life, and although they have no union or organisation, their wages have risen out of all proportion during the last twenty years. . . . The English women are meanly and wretchedly dressed. (To this I find the feminine retort in Albion is "short skirts, blouses that don't match, and meat-safe hats.") . . . Meat, meat, meat and no alleviation! This England has become the great empire she is because she is a man's country. He asserts boldly that an Englishman is master in his own house, and he adds that he is never seen to so much advantage as at home, in the country.

Mr. Price Collier apologises rather too often about hurting our feelings. His solicitude is quite unnecessary. He ought to know, he ought at any rate to have read in Meredith, that nothing can rouse John Bull adequately short of a terribly severe kick in the lower part of the back. After talking about English crowds he goes on rather flamboyantly as follows: "They do not need the training of other peoples. They are already trained. When I see this quality of the race I smile to think what would become of a hundred or two hundred thousand Germans landed on these shores, with their machine-like methods, their lack of initiative, and their dependence upon a bureaucracy. They would be swallowed up or dispersed like chaff." Mr. Price's sublime contempt for the European nations is only equalled by his sublime contempt for English history. For he goes on here to say that "these Saxons would dispose of them as they disposed of the Danes." Is this a sinister reference to the massacre of St. Brice's Day, or what is it? And why will he call us Saxons and insist upon the homogeneity of our race? What does he mean by calling Queen Anne's grandmother a barmaid, or stating that it was by Lord Burleigh's advice that James I. created the order of baronets? Let us hope that his *pre*dictions are equally wide of the mark when he says: "It would be a sad day for the Lion if he lost his teeth and claws. The real attitude of other nations towards him would surprise him." I doubt, however, if they would kill John Bull to set up Jonathan in his stead. Goethe said that England was the envy and derision of the whole world. But that was a hundred years ago. He had not met the lion-tamer. The second chapter inquires, "Who are the English?" and contains memorable phrases scattered among a heap of shocking bad history. "Any socialistic sneering, or republican ribaldry on the subject of the British system of government, must necessarily react upon the foolish one who indulges in them. The ready answer is: We are taking charge of one in every five square miles, and one in every five inhabitants of the globe; if you can do it better, why don't you do it?"

"In an hundred years England has grown great, while, since the Revolution, France has diminished to the stature of an epicene amongst nations, trafficking in her ideals and in her honour, and advertising the virtue of her capital for sale to all comers as her principal stock in trade. She is like a pretty woman who will sell anything for security and comfort. This lesson has not been lost upon the Englishman, dull though he is." Why the radicals should want to, or say they want to, abolish such a favourite inlet as the House of Lords, Mr. Collier cannot understand. He is a great admirer of Pitt's Peerage. It is predominantly a democratic body—the most democratic in the land—it is an assembly of picked brains, and is the culmination of the essential philosophy of Saxondom (again that word)—a minimum of government by the best proved men. What alarms him—and he admits that America's task would be made harder should English civilisation prove a failure—is the increasing spirit of compromise all round. Somebody must be paid some day. And now the Devil is presenting his accounts all round. "Disestablishment" is handed to bishops; "no more barmaids" is handed to barmaids, "reduction of forces and pay" to the army, "unemployment" to the workmen, "increased taxes" to everybody. England in the meantime is still boasting of a commercial supremacy which has already passed to America and Germany.

As to the Church, he says that Jowett's prophecy has been fulfilled, and that half the clergy are given up to a fetish-worship of the Sacrament. The bishops are appointed by a premier who may be a Jew, a Unitarian, or an Agnostic; the parish priests by lay patrons. Yet, somehow, the machinery works. These clergy are the dullest men in the pulpit and the most companionable men out of it. They work hard and are popular. The general average of home life is more comfortable here than in America. But, in England, the home is not a play-house for the women and their friends; nor a grown-up nursery for the mother and the children, but a place of rest and

* "England and the English, from an American Point of View." By Price Collier. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

comfort in which the men may renew their strength. Only a giant can be miserable at home and successful abroad. Men suffer a far more severe strain of competition here than in America. Only the best equipped and the strongest can hold their own in the little island. The successful here are rewarded as in no other country in the world, and the strong train and fight for the prizes grimly, and the weak hang on to the shreds of prosperity in a painful and humiliating way. Men here go in for hobbies and games, they lark and smile more than in America. The young and old are much more together in England, above all they play together, so that here men and not boys give games their status and character. They play for the game's sake, and yet do not regard a game, as boys do, as an end in itself. "England is not only a man's country, but the English man is pre-eminently a man's man." Where the æsthetic is more cherished than the athletic, women may thrive, but men decay. Those who *do anything*, and especially do anything for England, are the kind most in request. Rank, title, money are little worth without this capacity. In England the great men of letters have had things to say instead of trying to write things. People think it strange that England's reputation in the world rests so largely upon her aptitude for poetry and politics. It is not far from the truth to say that every poet of the small first-class is an Englishman, save one, Dante. But it is not strange. The nation of great deeds must of necessity be the nation of great words.

"Are the English dull?" is a very long chapter. It seems that we are rather—Bœotian, but we are also the Romans of the modern world. The Englishman's favourite adjuration is "Steady, boy, steady!" And readers are warned against believing too implicitly in our impenetrable dulness. We are not quick. We do not trace tendencies and dodge examiners so cleverly as they do in Boston or Berlin, but . . . the English public-school boy is governing all the world, while the German boy serves as his clerk. A great German manufacturer who has a number of Englishmen as heads of departments said naïvely, "Somehow these Englishmen seem to get on better with the workpeople." If this be dulness, make the most of it. Britain's watchword is: Lean on nothing, neither on Logic, nor on Learning, nor on the State. But things are changing. Englishmen seem to be getting flabbier than they were. They have begun to hamper their strong men. There is an alarming hæmorrhage of red-gold and virile blood from the body politic. What would happen to the "two-power standard" should America and Germany both start to build ships against her? "England would be bankrupt in ten years, her population would emigrate to Canada, South Africa, Australia, and the United States, and the lonely island would become a fourth-rate power used principally as a playground by Americans."

From the mere outline of Mr. Collier's intentions towards us it will be manifest to the reader that the kindness of the author will oftener leave us mourning than his asperity. The days of the periodical paper-sparring match between the old country and the new have quite passed away. The Americans have learned the art of self-depreciation, and the Trollope treatment has become a superfluity in the land. Mr. Collier is as urbane as the most polite of our European critics could be, and it is the more credit to him inasmuch as he candidly admits that, while the English do not take to foreigners of any kind, the Americans do not like the English. It slips from him unawares that an Englishman (like Katisha in the play) is an acquired taste; yet as a rule he leaves us blushing. The faults here depicted, we admit, are ours; but the virtues are largely imaginary or those of our forefathers. You cannot draw up an eulogy of a whole nation. Which reminds us that the most eloquent advocate English virtue has ever had was an Irishman writing in denunciation of the French grasshoppers, that after him comes an American, Emerson, and then Voltaire, Taine, and Pierre Coulevain. The best in this kind are but shadows. But they make diverting figures on the wall, and they require very special gifts to animate them and keep them in motion. Few Americans since Ticknor have had greater advantages than Mr. Collier, and I do not think any one could have made better use of them.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"NOTES AND QUERIES" BY THE WAY.*

Mr. John Collins Francis, the busy publisher of *Notes and Queries*, is known to a wide circle of readers who are interested in those byways of learning to which that remarkable and useful periodical is devoted. It will be sixty years in November since Mr. W. J. Thoms launched the little ship of learning that has sailed so well. It has had no adverse winds to brave, and the only battles have been those of its contributors warring with humorous fierceness over some doubtful date or disputed comma. The croakers shook their heads over the very first number and prophesied disaster. Yet there stand on library shelves more than a century of volumes which are the resource of the learned and the unlearned alike. The investigator of obscure points in history or literature turns—almost as it were by instinct—to the indexes of *Notes and Queries*. Very often he finds that of which he is in search, and even when he does not, he finds something else that is interesting and profitable. The writer of these lines has been known to each of its editors and has even kindly remembrances of Mr. W. G. Smith, a former publisher. There is probably not a page of these one hundred and twenty-one volumes which he has not read, with profit he hopes, and certainly with pleasure.

Mr. Francis has collected his own contributions and has printed them in a volume that will range on the shelf with the chatty journal from which they are extracted.

A book of this kind is not easy to classify. It is a gathering of odds and ends, which are of interest and value, but are devoid of any connecting link. The biographical notices of Knight and Ebsworth stand apart

* "Notes by the Way. With Memoirs of Joseph Knight, F.S.A., Dramatic Critic and Editor of *Notes and Queries*, 1883–1907; and the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth, F.S.A., Editor of the Ballad Society's Publications." By John Collins Francis. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Bookplate of Joseph Knight, Editor of "Notes and Queries," 1883–1907.
From "Notes by the Way," by John Collins Francis. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

and are very welcome. Both were notable men and much more entitled to remembrance than some of whom there are "official" memorials—of wearying length and weight. Their several characteristics are clearly indicated and the natural sympathy of close friendship has not betrayed the biographer into a strain of forced eulogy. His hearty appreciation is kept within the limits befitting their unostentatious natures. Mr. Francis states that De Quincey was a fellow contributor with Ebsworth to *Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*. As the Opium Eater's sympathies were all with the Established Kirk in the Great Disruption this is not improbable, but it has escaped his biographers. If somewhere there is a marked copy of that periodical it might reveal unknown essays of that prince of magazine writers. There is, indeed, little doubt that much of his work is still buried in unknown serials.

Wherever the volume is opened there is something curious or noteworthy, and as becomes the publisher of two important literary journals, Mr. Francis is interested in literature, and is specially interested in periodical literature. When the history of that form of intellectual activity comes to be written, the annalist will have reason for gratitude to Mr. Francis, and will certainly profit by his labours.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE "DECAMERON" OF BOCCACCIO.*

Three illustrious names—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—stand at the head of modern as distinguished from mediæval literature. All were Florentines by origin, and their lives are all included within the period of hardly more than a hundred years (A.D. 1265—1373), but of this great triumvirate, who are thus the perpetual glory of a single city and a single age, it is the youngest and in many respects the least gifted who has had the largest influence, for Boccaccio is the originator of the "Novel." Distinguished though he was as a poet, and though scholarship owes a lasting debt to the man who revived the study of Greek in Europe and discovered the manuscripts of Martial, Ausonius, and perhaps Tacitus, yet it is to the "Decameron" and its "Hundred Tales" that he owes his most enduring fame. "More than ten editions of it were printed in the fifteenth century and some seventy-seven in the sixteenth"; Molière, La Fontaine, Lope de Vega, Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson have all borrowed from it; Ascham laments that already in his day "a tale of Bocace was made more account of than a story in the Bible"; and Mr. Hutton in his learned and admirable Introduction to the present volumes does not hesitate to speak of his author as "the greatest story-teller in the world." Such praise, however, is excessive, for in the vast and ever-varying realm of fiction there can be no permanent and complete supremacy, but it may justly be said that his work exhibits a perfection of skill and finish which, in the inventor of a new form of literary composition, must remain the marvel and admiration of all time. The "Induction to the Discourses," which describes the Great Plague of Florence, is not only a masterpiece of narrative style, unsurpassed even by the immortal chapters in which Thucydides wrote the history of the Plague at Athens, but also a masterpiece of artistic effect. Only a great writer dare have set, as Boccaccio does, the gay pageant of his fancy against such a strange background of gloomy realism. But the startling contrast which he thus presents to us comes, perhaps, less from the invention of the artist than from the nature of the man. Boccaccio is human to the core. He delights not in darkness but in the sunshine, and turns from contemplation of the tomb only to find a new sweetness in laughter, a brighter radiance about life and about love. If Dante, brooding over the mystery of another world, has written a "Divine Comedy," he prefers to show us a "Human Comedy" that shall make our hearts lighter. Death may shake his dart grimly, but there is true wisdom, he holds, in the "seven discrete young Gentlewomen of Noble descent, faire forme, adorned with exquisite behaviour, and gracious modesty" who go forth from Florence along with their three squires, "in whom neyther malice of the time, losse of friends or kindred, nor any fearefull conceit in themselves, had the power to quench affection, but (perhaps) might a little coole it, in respect of the queazie season." We can still see with our eyes that "jocund company" as they ride on "with a mild, majesticke, and gentle pace"; and all the world is sunlit as we watch them enter the "goodly Palace" wherein they "sate down in a faire Gallery . . . and then came the discrete Master of the Household, with divers servants attending on him, presenting them with Comfits and other Banquetting, as also very singular wines, to serve instead of breakfast." And, later on, when "they have sung six Canzonets, paced two or three dances" and dined "with all kinde of costly and delicate viands," and then, "after the dayes warmth was more mildely qualified, and every one had made benefit of their best content," begin to discourse on "the mutabilities of fortune" and the haps that befall "such people, that trace the dangerous pathes of amorous desires," how their tales still tickle our ears! They are tales of a world that has long passed away, but they have the freshness of eternal youth. Borrowing his material from a hundred sources, Boccaccio makes it his own, and quickens it with his own vivacity. He writes as one who believes, feels, and relishes every word he pens. Improbable or impossible as many of the stories are, those who doubt them as they read would dispute the veracity of Homer and discredit the enchantments of Circe or the devices of Penelope. The style has a natural ease, liveliness, and simplicity which seems to set on them the seal of truth. "A most humble stile, so low and gentle as possibly I could," is the writer's own description of it, but in fact it is always in just harmony with the subject, grave or gay, sober or racy, sententious or quizzical, as the occasion demands, and continually enriched with fine poetic touches that appeal to the imagination.

Unhappily, however, for his fame we have placed Boccaccio upon the *Index*. Most people know little about the "Decameron" except that it is "immoral," and beyond question the adjective applies. But it applies only in a partial sense. Compared with some classical writings or with the innuendoes of some modern literature the outspokenness of the "Decameron" is decency. It will certainly appal the prudish, but it will hardly attract the prurient—and the distinction is immense. Love to Boccaccio is the crown of life, the supreme gift of Nature to mortal man, to win which he may count all else well lost. When Fiammetta smiles and her star-like eyes sparkle, then, he tells us, "Heaven seems to open and the whole world laughs"; and as love illumines earth, so the memory of it will be a glory beyond the grave. "As for you, choice beauty," says a dying man in one of the tales, "I humbly entreate, that after death you would not forget me, to the end, I may make my vaunt in another world that I was affected here by the fairest Lady that ever Nature framed," and though such language is not the language of Dante, though it is pagan, irreligious, or what you will, yet it is assuredly human and assuredly it is not base. Mere vice, indeed, does not attract Boccaccio; his lovers, like Lancelot, are not "wanderingly lewd"; but for the gallant "endued with heroycall valour, compleate in all perfection of his person, and his mind every way answerable to his outward behaviour," for the youth whom "love over-awed in such sort, as he fell into a violent

* Boccaccio's "Decameron." As Translated into English A.D. 1620, with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. 4 vols. £3 net. "The Tudor Translations." (David Nutt.)

sicknesse, and store of Physicions were sent for, to save him from death, if possibly it might be," and still more for ladies in whom he found "commendable conditions, admired beauties, noble adornments by nature, and (above all the rest) womanly and honest conversation"—for these he had a living sympathy. He does not philosophise about love like Plato, or, like Goethe, talk mysteriously about *das ewig-weibliche*, but he illustrates a theme, the interest of which is as old as humanity, in a series of tales so varied, so picturesque, so full of wit and wisdom, of irony and laughter, that the reader may, perhaps, put it down to his own discredit if he does not forget all that disfigures them in delight and wonder at their beauty.

But the critic may well desire to quit so dangerous a path of argument, in which—to use the words of Horace—"he walks over concealed fires," and to tread with assured step upon solid ground. Nor in these noble volumes can he fail to find it, for to all who love our English speech they are, assuredly, a treasure of great price. "The Model of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Conversation" of which they are a reprint appeared in 1620, "translated," says Mr. Hutton, "inaccurately but very splendidly, apparently from the French version of Antoine de Macon," but bearing no translator's name, although the edition of 1625 is described as printed by "Isaac Jaggard for M. Lownes." But whoever the author—and Mr. Hutton unfortunately says nothing on this point—his work stands side by side with Florio's "Montaigne," North's "Plutarch" and the various volumes of Philemon Holland, among the wonders of an age which gave to all time the Authorised Version of the Bible. The prose of later writers may be more clear, pointed, accurate, and practically effective, but the period which begins with the Reformation and closes with Milton's "Areopagitica" is beyond all others the period in which our language most displays its native and masculine vigour. The English prose of that day is to other English prose as port wine is to all other wines. It has body in it, generosity, and a power to bear age. It still carries in its heart the sun of those "spacious times" which ripened it; it at once delights and invigorates, and other writing, however graceful or refined, seems in comparison thin, feeble, and of indifferent relish. Take this single sample from our translator's Preface, which shows indeed nothing of his richer and more racy manner, but is selected because it both illustrates his strength and expresses his verdict on Boccaccio:

> "I know (most worthy Lord) that many of these Histories have long since been published before, as stolne from the first originall Authour, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications. For as it was his full scope and aime by discovering all vices in their ugly deformities, to make their mortall enemies (the sacred Vertues) to shine the cleerer, being set down by them and compared with them; so every true and upright judgement, in observing the course of these well-carried Novels, shall plainely perceyve, that there is no spare made of reproofe in any degree whatsoever, where sinne is embraced and grace neglected; but the just deserving shame and punishment thereon inflicted, that others may be warned by their example."

Such a fragment may, it is true, hardly seem to be of surpassing excellence, and indeed a true narrative style, which should please continuously rather than by intermittent splendour, can only be judged, as it were, in bulk. But the marvel is that this unknown translator never sinks below himself. His sentences follow one another, kaleidoscopic in variety, but each equally admirable in shape and colouring, with an ease that is inexhaustible and astounding, so that he overawes criticism. In the presence of power so exuberant, the reviewer, as he laboriously fashions some weary phrase, feels nothing but his own impotence. He scorns himself, flings away a feeble pen, and turns in silence to those great Elizabethans who seem to have plucked their mighty quills from the very eagle of Jove.

T. E. PAGE.

A BUNDLE OF EIGHT.

This delicately vivid dramatic study of Lancelot and Elaine,[1] which should make a very pretty "acting play" and contains lines of haunting beauty, is nevertheless a disappointing achievement. It can scarcely be said to "exalt" or "purify," or rise above the level of melodrama; for the Queen is touched with a moral commonness that makes her but a selfish and jealous incarnation of feelings far below the level of love, and even the presentment of "the Lily Maid" herself, though meant to be passionate in the extreme, nevertheless through lack of restraint just misses the purest heights of tragic feeling. Yet it is impossible to read the play without a conviction that the author only needs a nobler ideal in order to do finer things.

Such an ideal uplifts the sometimes imperfect and contradictory measures of a slender booklet named "The Philanthropists,"[2] which, in the poem entitled "Pilate's Wife," reaches a very high level. To seek to be original by merely being irregular is a modern trick, and at first this attractive slip of a book seems to come under suspicion, not through irregularity of morals but whimsical irregularity of verse. But there are lyrics in it which, although, rightly or wrongly, they give an impression of extreme youth and an occasionally defective ear, yet, on a second reading, entirely justify their charm; and that is a sure sign of vitality. As for their content, the author would perhaps maintain—and quite truly—that the soul has many differing and contradictory moods and truth includes much paradox; for her blasphemy against love on page 38 is cancelled by the lyric on page 47. The delicately biting satire which gives its name to the tiny venture would alone be enough to justify the sailing of this modest brown walnut-shell of a boat. May it reach the culprits and reform their methods!

It seems a pity that the pious lover of flowers and formulator of platitudes, whose book entitled "Twilight Music,"[3] save for its gilt-edged leaves and trim binding, might better be compared to a barge than a cockle-shell, could not have shared some of its weighty moral luggage with Mr. Titterton,[4] who, unlike himself, can on occasion write a very good song, notwithstanding that he seems to have uncommonly little to sing about. The one man has an ear and the other a soul, though the ear has in this particular volume but little body to it, and the soul of the other, despite its virtue, seldom rises above mediocrity and cannot make poetry out of a volume of well-intentioned verse, even though the feeling that prompted it may have been deep and sincere.

Mr. Douglas Carswell stands in a very different category. Since he can create so powerful a dramatic fragment as "The Dawn"[5] and so bewitching a lyric as "Phryne," he ought not, for the sake of a rhyme, to write such bad grammar as on page 27.

Even more outrageous—save that sorrow shrives a man of manifold shortcomings-- is the too-frequent carelessness, we had almost said "cheapness," of Mr. Maurice Taylor;[6] outrageous in *him*, because unworthy of the true lyric gift whereby, in such poems as "Widowed" and "Orpheus," in which the music is the very "soul of love," his poignancy of lonely grief pierces to the inmost heart. He can give us such lovely lines as those beginning "Look thou in mine eyes" (p. 36), yet can elsewhere descend to

[1] "Lancelot and Elaine." A Play in Five Acts by Morley Steynor. 2s. net. (George Bell & Sons.)
[2] "The Philanthropists." By Ruth Young. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[3] "Twilight Music." By Marcus S. C. Rickards. 3s. 6d. net. (J. Baker & Son.)
[4] "River Music, and Other Poems." By W. R. Titterton. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[5] "The Dawn, and Other Poems." By Douglas Carswell. 1s. net. (A. H. Stockwell.)
[6] "Songs of Solitude." A Collection of Verse by Maurice Taylor. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

thoughts and rhythms so essentially commonplace that in "The Thief" and "The Sovereign Star" we suspect him of having written them to increase the pages of his book.

There is much less inequality in Mr. W. J. Cameron's collection.[7] Though he does not grip the heart as does Mr. Maurice Taylor, at his best he has a very taking and musical touch, and in such poems as "The Fiddler" and "L'Entracte," reminds us of greater people than himself.

But we have reserved for the last in our bundle of eight what is perhaps, on the whole, the most noteworthy volume of the entire handful. The present reviewer must confess ignorance of Mr. A. B. Thaw's personality and previous achievement, except in so far as this volume ("Pæstum, and Other Poems")[8] may reveal somewhat of both; but there are two or three poems here which are not unworthy of immortal company. Except for the weak closing line, "Lincoln's Birthday" would take a splendid fighting place among noble lyrics, and very striking also are the memorable lines to Stevenson, "The Lighthouse Builder's Son." Nowhere is there any mark of slovenly work, though there are excruciating changes of rhythm in the odes, such as suggest an extraordinary lack of rhythmic perception or a faulty theory of versification. Where thought and feeling are blent in a white heat of intensity, as in the first of the Sonnets to Poetry and those on pages 59 and 85, the poems will even bear comparison with some of the sonnets of Mrs. Browning and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A. M.

THAIS.*

"Thais" is the most brilliant and also the most unpleasant of all M. France's books. It sparkles with a hard cold steely brilliance very different from the urbane humour of "Sylvestre Bonnard" or the wit of "The Red Lily." In no other book does M. France seem so unsympathetic with the faith which he elsewhere respects from instinct if not from understanding. The book is audacious, and there is a characteristic Anatolian irony in the idea of the monk who sets out to convert the famous courtesan and succeeds only to fall into a deadlier sin himself. But the irony of the scheme need not have been enforced by the gratuitous horrors of the monk's death. From a historical point of view the reconstruction of Alexandrian life challenges comparison with anything which M. France has ever done. The dialogue at the banquet, though it completely interrupts the course of the story, is a *tour de force* of ironical erudition. The description of the gradual growth of the holy city round the pillar of Paphnutius is etched in with a mordant satire worthy of Swift in his most sardonic vein, but more probably inspired, like the dialogue at the banquet, by the work of Lucian. But the satire is too bitter, it leaves a bad taste, like wine of a fine vintage not yet mellowed. There is an intentional, almost ferocious cruelty in the satire which is strangely out of harmony with the sympathetic pity with which this master of disillusion elsewhere regards mankind. Nowhere else is M. France so aggressive, and even the fierce indignation which drove him to champion the cause of Dreyfus and inspired the biting irony of "Monsieur Bergeret" never kindled in him the same remorseless cruelty as is manifest in almost every line of "Thais." There is no pity, no redeeming character except the slave Ahmes, and even Thais only makes a good end for the sake of heightening the gloom of Paphnutius' downfall. "Thais" is so brilliant that it must be read, and so bitter that one regrets having read it.

[7] "Poems." By W. J. Cameron. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[8] "Pæstum, and Other Poems." By Alexander Blair Thaw. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

* "Thais." By Anatole France. Translated by R. B. Douglas. 6s. (Lane.)

BELLOC ON THE PYRENEES.*

"These eight valleys (see plan G over page), going from West to East, are first that of the Nive (the bifurcations of which gives [*sic*] St. Jean and the Baigorry), next that of the Gave-de-Mauleon (Larreau and Ste. Engrace), and both of these are Basque. Next comes the valley of the Gave d'Aspe (with the bifurcation of Lourdios and Urdos), up which went the main Roman road into Spain, and which is the first of the Bearnese valleys."

The foregoing is not Mr. Belloc at his best on the subject of the Pyrenees; but it is typical of much—far too much, many readers may agree—that finds place in the entertaining and engaging volume which he has compiled concerning these mountains. It is a book distressingly free from Belloc; by which we mean that far too seldom does he obtrude the intimate and breezy personality which has figured so largely in the heterogeneous assortment of books that has come from his pen or factory within recent years. Still, he has set himself a task, and he has fulfilled it thoroughly, giving us crudite chapters on the physical nature of the range, on the political character of the Pyrenees, on the road system of the Pyrenees, on the inns of the Pyrenees, on the approaches to the Pyrenees, and on maps. He is particularly strong on maps, of which the book has many, all of them comprehensible, and some of them seemingly drawn by himself. Now and again he allows himself a welcome digression; and, warming to the topic of maps, he says there are but three of the greater countries in the whole world (to his knowledge, at least) which have sufficient and numerous maps. These are England, France, and Germany. He adds that "to tell the truth" there is but one large country that possesses perfect ones, and that is our own. Mr. Belloc's volume makes a stylish attempt to remove what map deficiencies exist as to the Pyrenees.

The author protests that he has not pretended to write anything in the nature of a Guide; but he has succeeded in producing a most valuable Guide, which is at the same time a piece of literature. His main object has been to provide, for those who desire to do as he has done in the Pyrenees, a general knowledge of the mountains in which they propose to travel; and he has paid particular attention to making clear those things which he himself only learned slowly during several journeys and after much reading, and which he would like to have been told before he first set out. He says, in explanation of his scheme ("schema" Mr. Lewisham would have called it, undoubtedly), "if I have admitted such petty details as the times of trains, and the cost of a journey from London, it is because I have found those petty details to be of the first importance to myself, as indeed they must be to all who have but little leisure." Concluding his explanations and apologies, the busy author says his chief regret is that the book will necessarily be too bulky to carry in the pocket, "for it is meant to be not so much a lively as an accurate companion to the general exploration of those high hills which have given me so much delight."

Excellent wash-drawings, by Mr. Belloc himself, of those high hills, add to the attractiveness of the book.

DAVID HODGE.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.†

This is a fourth edition of the late Mr. Anderson's very estimable work, and one which has done good service beyond that of mere description. It was the purpose of the author to rehabilitate the best labours of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century architects in Italy, and to rescue them from that charge of insincerity and imitation which the too partisan sentiment of Ruskin had cast at

* "The Pyrenees." By H. Belloc. With 46 Sketches by the Author and 22 Maps. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy." By William J. Anderson. 12s. 6d. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

them. And no reader of this volume, or careful examiner of its admirable plates, can fail to acknowledge in some measure his success. He has shown that the work of such men as Brunelleschi and Bramante was as creative as any that the world has seen, and that its classicism was indeed imbibed only as an inspiration, not accepted merely as a model. These builders were as much the spokesmen in stone of a sincere and passionate new faith as their forerunners had been the spokesmen of an older one. Indeed, in some sense they were more truthful to the spirit of their time and nation, for the Gothic and Byzantine influences that had so much marked Italian architecture in medieval days were for the most part foreign to the inmost, antique feeling of the people—that is, save in Venice and that north-eastern seaboard where those influences had been overpowering—whereas the sense of its classic past was a very bedrock of the true Italian nature, although obscured and buried. Yet these first masters of Renaissance architecture showed an admirable restraint in that when they had rediscovered this great inborn fact they did not attempt to ignore the vast sediment that ages of another and holier emotion had deposited upon that ancient base. They saw that the classic forms which they revived must be made to clothe themselves in Christian tenderness and Christian grace; or, rather, that the Christian forms of the day might well be calmed and corrected by old classic admonitions. The Pazzi Chapel at Florence, by Brunelleschi; the South Doorway of Como Cathedral, by Bramante, of which charming plates are to be found in this volume, are works which only sincere and creative minds could have evolved out of spiritual conceptions so opposed as Paganism and Christianity.

But the weak side of the Renaissance architectural effort was, in its beginning, not insincerity nor its accompaniment, imitation. Its weakness was its purely cultured parentage. And no great and permanent system of architecture has ever arisen which had its origin in ideas which only the few could master. Architecture, of all the arts, has ever been that one which was the expression of a widespread national faith and national desire; and from Brunelleschi and Bramante, through Peruzzi, Sanmicheli, to Jacopo Sansovino, Palladio, and Bernini, was one continual loosening hold of those great national truths of which architecture is the visible mould. Nevertheless, in the course of that decline rare things were done. No more exquisite piece of revived Roman work can be imagined than the doorway of the Palazzo Prosperi at Ferrara, by Peruzzi; or the Pompei and Bevilacqua palaces, by Sanmicheli, at Verona. But of course in these purely secular constructions the painful contradictions of the age were in abeyance. The grandiose attempts of later days to clothe Christianity in forms of classic symmetry culminated in that most pompously clever of all churches, the Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, which, by reason of its site, has figured on more painters' canvases than probably any other. A marvellous piece of thought and execution; yet, when all is said, merely a colossal toy. To such rhetorical disaster in the end came that first noble impulse of the Brunelleschis and Bramantes to restore to Italian architecture its ancient and imperial forms. This collapse of a great conception is perhaps the most interesting the history of architectural art reveals, being one related only too painfully to our present distressful state. No better-written or better-illustrated account of it than is in this volume could be given. A large number of plates and drawings are added to this edition.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

EARTH TO EARTH.*

It is doubtless for his plays rather than for his poetry that John Synge will be remembered. Their prose is one of the most haunting notes of our generation, and he has used it again here, with perfect success to translate Villon, less successfully to translate Petrarch. Yet in one sense the poems are more significant than the plays. Although vital drama, and none more so than Synge's, is ultimately subjective, it has also its objective reality. But in lyric nothing need hide the singer's heart from us. Synge, with a passionate sincerity, always put the whole of himself into his work. So while in "Riders to the Sea" and "The Play-boy of the Western World" we look outward through his clear eyes, here we are shown the naked soul within. And the most important thing in the world is a man's soul.

"He was a solitary, undemonstrative man, never asking pity, nor complaining, nor seeking sympathy but in this book's momentary cries," says Mr. Yeats, and the poems themselves tell us as much. Their very fewness is significant. Synge was not one of those who have a ready rhyme for every mood. He had little of what the world calls poet in him. We think of him among the men of the Irish movement, yet he was a scorner of dreams. And his scorn was all the more bitter because he, too, was a dreamer. For however much a man may busy himself with the common words and deeds of life, it is only after dreaming of them a little that he can fashion them into poetry. Synge was a Celt, too, with a Celt's ageless memory. Now and again the other world would inevitably claim him. Then came the awakening, the angry cry, the poem. His verses are often like insults flung at the gods. He used ugly, violent words to show his resentment of their intrusion. If he wrote of old queens, it was to revile them. He loved the vivid energy of Villon, but it was the fair armouress rather than the ladies of old time whom he chose to deck in Irish garb. He craved for life with all its squalor and brutality, and a picture by A. E., the mystic painter and poet, brought forth these lines:

> "Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
> Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
> That poets played with hand in hand
> To learn their ecstasy.
>
> "We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
> And drink in Tubber fair,
> Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
> The badger and the hare."

They are at once repellent and attractive, these poems, and always of the earth. A few of them are just a transcript of joyful peasant life, but most were made in a more desolate mood. They remind us that Synge once wrote of how he used sometimes to feel as one of the fishermen with whom he dwelt, sometimes as a waif among them.

It is a brave thing to grasp at life, as he did, with hand ungloved, without philosophy. Other poets have gone as unflinchingly to earth—Meredith, for instance, and Henley. But Meredith was an optimistic philosopher, and Henley had his heroic pose: he was always Ajax defying the lightning. Synge was nearer to the Shropshire Lad than to either of these. He had the same hardness as he and the same loneliness. Like him, he was resolute to accept the fact that Earth is our mother and that her breast is of flint. Like him also, he was much preoccupied with death. His battle, it seems, was long a lost one.

Some months before he died he wrote a preface for this book, in which he theorises a little about poetry, but with a theory which was fruit rather than root of his practice. "It might almost be said," he writes, "that before verse can be human again, it must learn to be brutal." His verse is always human, not seldom brutal, and truer poetry than is often written nowadays.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Poems and Translations." By John M. Synge. 10s. 6d. net. (Cuala Press.)

LOVE AFFAIRS OF NAPOLEON AND OF JOSEPHINE.*

A great man's character cannot be estimated truly without a knowledge of his weaknesses, his passions, his impulses, and his indiscretions, and for those who have made a study of Napoleon from the military and political standpoints, M. Turquan's book is of historical value, though the information contained in it cannot be regarded as particularly edifying. And because it is difficult to judge of a man's weaknesses without taking his domestic relations and the character of his wife into account, it is interesting to turn to Mr. Endell's "Love Story of Empress Josephine," which, although it is written with a different purpose, happens in a sense to be complementary to the other, and serves to throw a clearer light on the causes which made Napoleon's relations to women such as M. Turquan describes them.

The early love affairs were innocent enough. Napoleon gathered cornflowers with Mlle. de Chastenay, picked cherries with Mlle. du Colombier at six o'clock on a June morning, and had his portrait specially painted for his sister-in-law, Desirée Clary, whom he would have gladly made his wife. But when he met Mme. de Beauharnais in Mme. Tallien's salon, a more passionate and less happy note crept into his flirtations. Presently he married her, and why?

"For her gifts? She had none. For her virtue and principles? Poor soul! she did not even know what the words meant. Because of the love she bore him? Aye, there you have it! He wanted some one to love him, and merely because she murmured fond words in his ear, he believed that the woman who gave herself to him loved him truly and for himself alone. Because she threw herself into his arms, he thought her love sincere—as if, forsooth, she had not played the same comedy with other men before him. In his simplicity he had placed the utmost faith in her protestations and had been witless enough to marry her. And after the marriage, Josephine, that treasure of treasures, that eighth wonder of the world, has made him see as clear as daylight what a fool he was where love and women were concerned."

In this passage M. Turquan sums up the woman who had the greatest influence in the Emperor's life, the woman to whom Mr. Endell devotes his book and of whom he says she was a capricious creature, a woman of moods, who seemed incapable of being consistent, and whose conduct at times calls for nothing but condemnation. Having shorn a wide subject of all non-essentials, the author has drawn an excellent character-study of Josephine, the woman who by accident became an Empress. Her personality was little modified by her high estate, her predominating qualities were emotional, and Mr. Endell has cleverly brought forward the truth. It was Josephine who made the first breach in the marriage bond, and thereby became responsible for much that followed. Napoleon, once aware of her infidelity, concluded that feminine virtue was a negligible quantity. Up to this point he had been hers only, the love letters from Italy had been written with his heart's blood—they were wasted. Maddened by the shame and torture of her backsliding, he hastened from Egypt in 1799. The news of his arrival reached Josephine as she was dining with President Golier, who also knew of her infatuation for Hippolyte Charles. She ordered a post-chaise and sped forth to meet her husband, "like a dutiful wife, long expectant." It was a desperate card to play. Unfortunately she chose the wrong road, and Napoleon arrived in the Rue de la Victoire first. He shut himself up in his study. "Hark! she comes. His heart almost stops beating. She knocks at his door, but he will not answer. She beseeches; there are tears in her voice; if he sees her now, dishevelled and wretched, he will relent." For a whole day the door remains barred to her, then when her children plead to him he relents. "But love has fled. Henceforth it must be a tender regard only." Mr. Endell has realised perfectly the drama of passion and despair which moved on to the final tragedy of divorce. M. Turquan fills in the picture from the man's point of view. "Henceforth

* "The Love Affairs of Napoleon." By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"The Love Story of Empress Josephine." By James Endell. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Stephanie de Beauharnais.
From "The Love Affairs of Napoleon," by Joseph Turquan. (John Lane.)

Josephine. (By Prud'hon.)
From "The Love Story of Empress Josephine," by James Endell. (Werner Laurie.)

he felt free to act as though he had made no pledge to any woman. He gave a free rein to his desires, which hitherto had drawn him to Paris and to one woman." Therein lay Napoleon's weakness, his mistake. Past master in the art of war, he was a hopeless tyro in the art of love. His eager, boyish trust having given way to bitterness and rancour, he turned from distraction to distraction, being as easily led as any man where women were concerned.

And what of the women who fascinated him? M. Turquan tells of them all. His material is not altogether new, but he uses it in a new way, giving a terse, a pointed and at the same time a just and unprejudiced view of them. From the little *ouvrière* of Carcassonne, Mme. Fourès, to the unattainable but perfect-featured Mme. Récamier, many who were bright and coquettish, with pretensions to beauty and the gift of conversation, played a part in his life. The fair-haired, blue-eyed Madame Walewska, wife of an old Polish count, was perhaps the woman he loved best next to Josephine and Marie-Louise. His friendship for Mme. de Rémusat and for Mme. d'Abrantés is familiar to every one who has read their respective memoirs, and chief among the actresses whom he favoured were Mlles. Georges Weimar, Grassini, Bourgoin, and Mars, "whose name played no small part in the conquest of the man who proved himself such a brilliant rival to its original bearer."

Married to Marie-Louise, Napoleon became once more the "fireside and slippers" kind of husband. His first thought was for her happiness, his greatest enjoyment in her society and that of her son. For a space he even forgot in her the majesty and cares of empire. The key-note, then, of his relations to women was that he asked of them relief from the anxieties involved in his duties as a leader of men, and it must be said in his favour that in his life there were no Mmes. de Pompadours, de Montespans or Du Barrys, for he never allowed a mistress to dominate his policy or ruin the country with her foibles and caprices. Side by side with his prodigious genius he exhibited some very commonplace failings. Both authors have proved, however, that it is possible to write entertaining books mainly about the failings of famous people.

FRANK HAMEL.

WAGNER AND HIS FIRST WIFE.*

When the dust and clamour of the passing era are laid and stilled, and all the arts of the age are seen in clear perspective, its literary productions will, I think, fall into a position of secondary importance. Music was the supreme art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as poetry was the supreme art of the sixteenth and seventeenth. Goethe is commonly reckoned the greatest of modern poets, but it cannot be claimed for him that he opened up a new world of art. This, however, is what Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner did. They created a novel and marvellous instrument of expression, and with this they explored that strange, dim sea of feeling in the mystic depths of the human soul which language and thought cannot illuminate or plumb.

In the music of Bach is expressed the spirit of the eighteenth century: in the music of Beethoven, the spirit of the Napoleonic era. In the music of Wagner, on the other hand, all the diverse forces of the romantic movement are gathered up and splendidly displayed. Like most men of the romantic school, Wagner began by regarding art as an anodyne, and a means of escape from the realities of life. As he remarks in a very interesting fragment of autobiography cited by Mr. Ashton Ellis:

"Married in circumstances in which I and my wife were tortured by the sordid experiences of a life of utter poverty, I fell into that state of misery in which thousands upon thousands of men are overwhelmed. My consuming desire was to find a means of escape from the squalor and pettiness of my lot; and in Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi' I at last obtained an inspiration which lifted me far above the cares and distractions of my home-life."

One does not find, therefore, in the works of his first period, that broad view of life on which the works of his later period are based. The sincerest of his earlier operas, "The Flying Dutchman," is a wild, passionate cry for the love and the inspiring companionship of some tender, trustful, faithful woman. Seeing that he was already married to an attractive actress, his attitude may appear rather strange. It is now fully explained, however, in one of the saddest books ever published, "Richard to Minna Wagner: Letters to his First Wife."

Few great men of any age ever worked in so fierce and prolonged a storm of obloquy as that in which Wagner composed his masterpieces. He laboured under the double disadvantage of being a revolutionary in the world of politics as well as an innovator in the world of music. He lost his position at Court through taking part in the struggle for constitutional government in 1848, and he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. There can be little doubt that the campaign of defamation which was then engineered against him in the German Press was political in origin. A few of his defamers may, like Davidson of the *Times*, who practically drove him out of England in 1855, have acted in the interests of Mendelssohn, but it was the victorious bureaucracy that checked his career and darkened his fame.

And bad as things were outside, they were still worse at home. His wife never loved him and never took any interest in his art. Soon after they were married, she forsook him for a wealthy admirer, and when Wagner, with extraordinary forbearance, received her back, she made his life utterly miserable.

"When I came home profoundly vexed and disturbed by some new annoyance, some fresh mortification, another failure, what did my wife bestow on me instead of comfort and sympathy? Reproaches, fresh reproaches, nothing except reproaches! Home-keeping by nature, I stayed at home and endured it all, dumbly. I let my trouble eat into my heart, in order to live my life alone. . . . All my sentiments and my views were a horror to you, and my writings you abominated."

So Wagner wrote to his wife in one of the rare outbursts of anger which occur in a correspondence extending over twenty-one years. He generally treated her, with wonderful kindness and patience, as a sick child. But the letters in which he does this are really the saddest of all to read. For when one remembers the great difficulties he was struggling against, and the glorious works he was composing with no hope of seeing them performed, the forced smiles with which he greets the woman whose life was spent in trying to drag him down to the position of a Meyerbeer seem more tragic than his rare outbursts of anger.

Yet, painful though the letters are to read, Mr. Ashton Ellis deserves high thanks for his labour in translating them. It has been, one can see, a labour of love, and it enables us to measure the heroic strength of Wagner's soul, by revealing fully the adverse circumstances against which he made his way along the high path he had chosen.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

A FRIEND OF BYRON.*

Lord Rosebery has written a brief felicitous preface to these volumes, in which he describes Hobhouse—it is im-

* "Richard to Minna Wagner: Letters to his First Wife." Translated by William Ashton Ellis. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Grevel & Co.)

* "Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse), with Additional Extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by his Daughter, Lady Dorchester. With Portraits. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Murray.)

possible to name him by the title of the peerage which "in the order of congruity" he received—as "the high priest of the Byron mystery." He knew all and could tell all if he chose. "But he did not choose to tell. Much of Byron, of the secrets of that brilliant, unhappy life, died with him. Perhaps it is as well." The reader turns naturally first of all to Hobhouse's long statement, composed at the time and written with the fullest knowledge of events, on the Byron separation. There is nothing absolutely new in the facts given, but we are inclined to think the statement will be regarded as the nearest approach to a judicial account of the estrangement that any contemporary has given. A careful comparison with Lady Byron's own remarks, and with the letters given to Abraham Hayward for his articles in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1869, and January, 1870, does not indeed elucidate the mystery of Lady Byron's action, but does incline one to the view that Byron was treated with scant justice. The action of Lady Byron's family was the conspiracy of virtue against vice; mediocrity manœuvred for safety against the dangers of erratic genius. Byron was twenty-eight when he married. He confessed to Hobhouse on the way to his wedding "that he was not in love with his intended bride; but at the same time he said that he felt for her that regard which he believed was the surest guarantee of continued affection and matrimonial felicity." He did not marry for money and wished to postpone the marriage until his own affairs had been regulated. The one year of his married life was made wretched enough by the pertinacity of his creditors and the constant executions in his house, but his undoubted misery after the separation, the sorrow of his farewell, the affection of his references to his wife, marred only by one or two ebullitions of satire, are evidence that his regard had grown into love. It is true that he was unfaithful, but he had an incurable habit of exaggerating his own vices, and Hobhouse is probably correct in his estimate when he says that Byron's free communication to his wife of all his passing notions gave rise to apprehensions which were really unfounded. "He had a singular love of the marvellous in morals" and "the more she expressed her surprise, the more highly did he colour his sentiments, and to clench his doctrine sometimes represented his principles as being deduced from his own practice."

Lady Byron came to the conclusion that her husband was mad, she ransacked his books and papers and desks for any evidence of perversity, and actually consulted a doctor on the evidence she had drawn up. The doctor, however, declined to interfere, and that Lady Byron had no fear of personal violence is clear from her statement to Byron's solicitor that "her eye could always put down his." She left home ostensibly for a visit, taking Byron's carriage and some of his receipts, and on the journey wrote him a letter beginning "Dearest Duck" and saying that her father and mother longed to have the family party completed. "If I were not always looking about for B—— I should be a great deal better already for country air." The letter ended "Ever thy most loving Pippin." This was dated January 16, 1816, and Byron did not reply. On February 2 Lady Byron's father wrote demanding a separation, and referring to "her dismissal from your house and the treatment she experienced whilst in it." This letter was a complete surprise to Byron, as he had not dismissed his wife, but had on the contrary arranged to join her. He declined to consider any separation until Lady Byron had herself stated that she wished it, and this statement was made by his wife very emphatically in letters to himself and to his sister. The mystery of the case lies in the extraordinary difference between Lady Byron's letters—the playful, affectionate, intimate tone of the first, and the formal complaint and indictment of the second, which followed in less than three weeks. Her own explanation was that the earlier letter was intended to allay the malady or madness which she suspected, and that she decided on separation when she learned that Byron was not mad but only desperately wicked. The evidence seems to show that she had no idea of separation when she left her home, but that she was persuaded, much against her inclination, to adopt that harsh measure by the influence of her mother and of the promoted maid, Mrs. Clermont, whom Byron pilloried in "A Sketch." The decision, once taken, she maintained with the pertinacity of a wronged woman.

> "Serenely purest of her sex that live
> But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive."

It is important to notice Hobhouse's statement that "Lady Byron distinctly disavowed for herself and those most nearly connected with her, having spread any rumours injurious to Lord Byron's character, and especially as far as regarded the two rumours specified to her by Mr. Wilmot" (*i.e.* the vilest of all charges and the hideous rumour about his sister). All that Hobhouse tells us sets the devotion and courage of Augusta Leigh in the brightest light, and one sentence of hers shows how well she understood her brother: "His *mind* makes him the most unhappy of human beings."

Hobhouse's statement is of course an important document in literary history, but there is much else in these volumes of the greatest interest. He was a man of the Boswell temperament, and loved above all things to know the scenes of great events and the personalities of great men. Napoleon fascinated him, and there are enough stories of Napoleon to make the fortune of the book: nothing could be more vivid than the impressions of France during the hundred days, and the picture of English society, literary and political, in the years that followed Waterloo. We hope that Lady Dorchester will give us the later diaries, as her father's memoirs are not only fascinating to read, but of real value to the historical student.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

COURT AND SOCIETY.*

There has long been wanted an authoritative work on the Hanoverian Queens of England, and every historical student must be grateful to Miss Greenwood, who has endeavoured to fill the niche, and whose first volume (of two), treating of Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach, is now before us. Miss Strickland did not include these Queens in her history, wisely concluding that the time was not yet ripe for an impartial survey; and Dr. Doran's biographies are of little value because at the time they were written the necessary material was lacking. More recently Mr. W. H. Wilkins wrote of the wives of the first two Georges, but he was so whole-hearted a partisan that his books, while interesting enough to read, cannot be accepted as a sure guide either to characters or incidents. He constituted himself the champion of those ladies of the Georgian era about whom he wrote; and, but for his sad, untimely death, we might have had an agreeable Queen Charlotte and—who knows?—a discreet and sensible Charlotte of Brunswick, even as we have "Caroline the Illustrious" and "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." The primary English authority for George I. and his wife, is, of course, Dr. A. W. Ward, whose Goupil monograph on the Electress Sophia—soon, we hear, to be republished in a more accessible form—first introduced the vast majority of English students to the German authorities. It is to Dr. Ward and to the German writers, of course, that Miss Greenwood has gone—to

* "The Hanoverian Queens of England." By Alice Greenwood. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Sophia Dorothea of Celle, Caroline of Ansbach. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)—"Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Schaumann, Schulenburg-Klosterrode, Köcher, Kramer, Malortie and the rest, and to the invaluable correspondence of the Electress Sophia and the Duchess of Orleans.

Of the queens of the four Georges, the least interesting to write of, because of the regularity of their lives, are Caroline of Ansbach and Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The consort of George IV. attracts more attention, because of the persecution she suffered at the hands of her husband, the "Delicate Investigation," and the trial fifteen years later. She may have been innocent, or she may have been guilty—probably a singularly foolish series of indiscretions is the worst that can be laid to her charge—but, people asked, who was "The First Gentleman of Europe" that he, of all persons in the world, should throw the first stone? Though it never happened, the story will always be told how those present in the Abbey at the coronation of George IV. were startled by the loud knocking at the door by England's Queen, who was refused admittance; and so, undoubtedly, will go down to posterity the legend of Sophia Dorothea of Celle as the martyred wife of George I. Historians may protest, but the public closes its ears: it has a keen eye for romance, and a queen who has a lover may rest assured of the sympathy of unborn millions, if only her husband will resent her infidelity.

George I. was not the best of men, but he was certainly not as bad as posterity makes him out: he has to suffer the penalty of having had a wife who has come down through the generations as a persecuted heroine of romance. Romance there was in plenty in the story of herself and Königsmark, which is practically the history of her life, and, to preserve this unimpaired, everybody connected with it except the two principals has been besmirched. George himself, his parents, Ernest Augustus and Sophia, and Sophia Dorothea's parents too, George William and Eleanora d'Olbreuse, and, notably, *die böse* Platen. There has been talk of conspiracies, of awful villainies, to bring about Sophia Dorothea's ruin: whereas the fact of the matter is that she ruined herself by her intrigue with Königsmark. Numerous persons about the Court, even her husband's brother, warned her and Königsmark; but the infatuated couple turned a deaf ear to kindly advice: indeed, they behaved more senselessly than most lovers, for a long time after their intrigue was the talk of the country they would not believe that any one had heard of it; when at least they were brought to realise it was known, they talked of flying together, talked and wrote of it until the day came that Königsmark disappeared and the Princess was imprisoned. Of the question of actual guilt, as in the case of Caroline of Brunswick, none can say definitely. In any case excuses are to be found for her in the marriage with such a dour man as George I., and the atmosphere of hostility in which she was placed. The whole story is impartially related by Miss Greenwood, who need have made no apology for inserting an account of Sophia Dorothea because the latter was never Queen of England. She takes her place in this history as the ancestress of the succeeding sovereigns of the new royal house.

After a painting by Romney. **Mrs. Trench.**

From "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era," by John Fyvie. (John Lane.)

Miss Greenwood's biography of Caroline of Ansbach is an important contribution to history. the life of this royal lady being so intertwined with the affairs of this country as to be inseparable from them. In addition, however, we get, of course, the account of her court at Leicester House and St. James's, as well as an excellent picture of the Hanoverian days when Anne was on the throne of England. With this account may well be read Mr. Fyvie's "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era," for of the eight persons dealt with herein, no less than six flourished during the reign of George II.—Samuel Foote, Elizabeth Chudleigh, George Augustus Selwyn, Henrietta Howard, "Gilly" Williams, and Catherine Hyde, all of whom are fairly well known, but of all of whom most people are glad to read. Mr. Fyvie writes with knowledge born of considerable study, and if he has not much new light to throw on his heroes and heroines, he has often something to relate with which most people are unacquainted. We see something of the glamour that surrounded people in society in the Georgian days, when society was a close borough, and every one in it knew every one else, and when, perhaps, wits, beaux, and beauties were more appreciated than they are to-day. Some wits we still have—as many as ever, which is to say as few; and numerous beauties, as much lauded and far more paragraphed; but the beaux are no longer with us, which is something to be grateful for. It is not good for man that he shall spend his days in tailors' shops and his nights gaming and drinking heavily. The growth of sport has happily eradicated dandyism: to quote from one of Mr. George Francis Wilson's "Cricket Poems":

> "How oft the Semblance is beyond the Thing,
> The gaudy Blazer a foreshadowing
> Of Nought. Ah, me! How oft, with native ease,
> The DINGY-TROUSERED make the Welkin ring."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.*

It is not quite easy to decide whether to class this book of Mr. Anderson's as biography or fiction; the whole thing is built upon strong bases of authentic history, but so are many historical novels; the difference seems to be that whereas these latter introduce purely imaginary characters and purely imaginary events among their realities, Mr. Anderson has kept as close as possible to facts, so far as his events and his people are concerned, but has heightened the effect and added to the life and movement of it all by supplying imaginary conversations. This, when you think of it, seems a fairly legitimate thing to do, so long as it is done well; and Mr. Anderson does it very well indeed. We know that these persons really did talk to each other; we know pretty much what they must have said in certain circumstances; and a biography with little

* "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi. By A. J. Anderson. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Anderson Photo. *Uffizzi, Florence.*

"Unfortunately Lucrezia's health would not permit her to sit for the Madonna, and although Our Lady's face has something of Lucrezia in it, it has more of the model's expression—that is to say, it is more like Spinetta."

From "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," by A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul.)

or no dialogue in it is at least as far from actuality as the biography in which the mere dialogue is conjectural.

On the whole, we incline to think that Mr. Anderson's method is justified by the results. Instead of giving the truth in close and formal words, he has embodied the truth in a tale and made of the old love story of the Friar-Artist and the nun Lucrezia at once a sufficient biography and a live and vivid romance. He has had all the known facts before him, and has coloured them with motives and details "through much reading of contemporary writings, some experience of human life, an intimate knowledge of Catholics, and a close study of Fra Filippo's paintings." He puts a summary of the plain facts into his appendices. The Fra Filippo of Mr. Anderson is not quite so gay and breezy and dashing a figure as he appears in Browning's monologue, but it is probable that he is nearer to the man as on the whole he was—Browning took him in a moment of excitement and exaltation. Anyhow, Mr. Anderson fashions a very natural and subtly attractive personality, and takes the tale of his love for the exquisite little nun, of their elopement, and subsequent repentance and separation, and the kindly intervention of the Pope that brought them together again, and legalised their marriage, and retells it with a narrative skill and picturesqueness of style that make it as good reading as any novel, and more absorbingly interesting because of its biographical truth. The volume is handsomely produced, and illustrated with seventeen excellently reproduced examples of Fra Filippo's art.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND OTHERS.*

Is it possible for a man to be at the same time an egoist and a master in disillusion? Those amongst us who deplore a tendency to egoism might suggest that when the stricken master gazes on the world and finds it vain, he is impelled, alas! to turn his eye upon himself. When he has gone abroad, prepared to have enjoyment in the meadows and the men, but finding both of these obscured by mist, he then resolves to travel out no more; he locks himself into the little house. Thus, one might argue, is an egoist created out of one who turns away from the illusions of the world. And to the layman's mind it would appear as if your egoist inside the little house need not expect a fate more fortunate than that of Maupassant's old priest whose little house was in the field of olives. We are more disposed to sympathise with persons who are disillusioned—not only on account of the biblical precedents, but because we must ourselves be subject to this process—we have much more sympathy with disillusioned people than with egoists. Yes, we all of us are disillusioned, since we cannot for a long time trail the clouds of glory; but it is another thing to be a master in disillusion. Such a one will find the misty meadow and will find a loveliness in that. For him the mist will take a form, even as the genii of Eastern tales; he will converse with it and will not seek a fearful refuge in the little house. So much for a master in disillusion. And an egoist will tell you that your sympathy, in the common acceptation of the word, is beside the mark. He will have your higher sympathy, your noble understanding of his aim. Max Stirner does not think of asking for your pity. If one tells him of the proverb current in Bulgaria which deprecates a residence provided with a solitary window and, one may suppose, would frown more darkly on a house which has no window, then Max Stirner would reply, with John Stuart Mill, that "Society has now got the better of the individual." He would demonstrate that no salvation is to be discovered in the meadows, however attractive, but in the house, however hazardous the entrance—as he found it—and however impossible the exit—as his pupil Nietzsche found it. So then we shall not expect to see a man who wanders gravely with wide-open eyes and also stays at home, to feed the flame. But in the case of genius it is not well to sally forth with expectations. Mr. Thorold tells us that amongst his company is France, and Mr. Huneker observes him also in the house.

What kind of house, precisely, is this of Mr. Huneker? It may be that if Mr. Thorold had constructed it we should not only have been given quite another building—of this there is no doubt—but there would very probably have been another set of inmates. Well, Mr. Huneker is perfectly familiar with them. Does he not call one "the old white-haired mastiff of Norway"? And perhaps we may acquire a true familiarity with Ibsen after seeing him in such a way, and perhaps on the other hand we may not. No label is sufficient: Ibsen is to be regarded frequently and closely—even as it was the great man's custom, while he walked the streets of Christiania, to regard the inside of his radiant hat, wherein a mirror had been fastened.

We began by saying that as laymen we preferred the disillusioned persons to the egoists, and we prefer the fashion in which Mr. Thorold rather than the fashion in which Mr. Huneker has treated of Anatole France. Not that Mr. Huneker is dull; on the contrary. His whole book sparkles, whereas that of Mr. Thorold is endowed with qualities more permanent. We cannot dwell upon his Maeterlinck, his fascinating Huysmans, his delicious Mérimée, his Fontenelle. But in the essay on Anatole France we find that we are hand in hand with some one who is worthy of depicting France. A time will come when all the essayists will break their pens on Anatole. Brandes has already tried to paint the lily, but his paint is tenuous and far from worthy of a critic so discerning. Mr. Thorold has been more successful, and his essay brings a glow of pleasure to the people who have been enthralled—and who has not?—by France's glowing canvas. Even

* "Six Masters in Disillusion." By Algar Thorold. 6s. net. (Constable.)—"Egoists." By James Huneker. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

as you are advised by France to walk with Epicurus and St. Francis of Assisi, so would it appear advisable for you to walk a little way, a charming way, with Mr. Thorold.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

At the end of "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" there is an epilogue in which the author foresees a casual customer hovering about an old bookstall in the year 1972:

> "A crazy bookcase placed before
> A low-priced dealer's open door;
> Therein arrayed in broken rows
> A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
> The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays
> Whose low estate this line betrays
> (Set forth the lesser birds to lime):
> YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1 DIME!"

Among these outcasts the customer lights on the Breakfast-Table series,

> "Three starveling volumes bound in one,
> Its covers warping in the sun,"

and buys it, wondering what he has rescued, and speculating about the forgotten author. We are still a long way from 1972, and it is never safe to prophesy, but in this Centenary Biography of his Mr. Lewis Townsend would seem to share Holmes's own misgivings. He thinks Holmes will occupy a considerable place in the history of American literature, "because he developed a new vein; but it is likely that most of his works will cease to be read before long, because they are not sufficiently the work of an artist to endure after the lessons they were mainly written to teach have been accepted, and it is everywhere evident that much that Oliver Wendell Holmes sought to enforce has by his efforts, as well as by the inevitable trend of the times, gained acceptance."

He is half inclined, however, to make an exception in favour of the "Autocrat," and in the meantime the one thing certain is that Holmes's books are very much alive, and the Breakfast-Table series, at all events, still enjoy a large measure of popularity both in America and in England. Holmes was not a precocious genius; he was for some time doubtful whether to choose Law, Literature, or Medicine as his profession, and finally, as every one knows, decided in favour of the latter, and wrote much good poetry, mainly of the lighter kind, in his leisure. Down to 1848 he was known, in literature, only as a poet, and Lowell sketched his character in "A Fable for Critics," and neatly hit off the fancy, fun, and gentleness of his satire as

> "so kindly, you doubt if the toes
> That are trodden upon are your own or your foe's."

It was not until he was nearing fifty that he found his true métier, and, in 1857, began to contribute the "Autocrat" to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The immediate success of these essays assured him of his powers, and, as Mr. Townsend has it, "was sufficient stimulus to determine the direction of his whole subsequent career." Moreover, they carried his fame well across the Atlantic, and a few years later you find Alexander Smith happily describing him as occupying much the same position in Boston that Dr. John Brown occupied then in Edinburgh: "He is a physician, and a skilful one; he is beloved of all men; he is fond of society; he is a humorist, and rejoices over a joke or a characteristic anecdote as over found treasure; and he excels all his countrymen as a writer of verses of society."

Mr. Townsend has written an interesting and entirely satisfactory record of Holmes's career as physician, poet, essayist, and novelist; he is no easy and unlimited eulogist, but his criticisms are always thoughtful, temperate, sympathetic. When he says that though Lamb had humour and often wrote in a manner that brings him very close to us while we are reading, he does not come so close as does the "Autocrat," you may suspect that it is a long while since Mr. Townsend read "Elia," and yet recognise that he says the right thing about the delightfully familiar style that is half the charm of the "Autocrat"—that all the while we are reading it the abounding personality of Holmes so dominates us that we are conscious, as it were, of his nearness, and could almost persuade ourselves that he is speaking beside us: "We see his face pucker in anticipation of a humorous sentence he means to bring out, or grow grave as he offers us some truth that has cost him dearly to learn; or wistful as his imagination haunts the past and he talks on in the vein of tender reminiscence, forgetful of our presence for the moment. Then he endears himself to us because he is never condescending." But no man with a sense of humour ever is.

There are some good anecdotes in the book—though not so many as one would expect; some little sketches of Holmes's famous contemporaries and friends; and extracts from his letters that make us wish there were more of them. "At seventy we are objects of veneration," he wrote to Whittier, on the celebration of his eightieth birthday, "at eighty of curiosity." A year before his death he is writing: "My birthday found me very well in body, and I think in mind . . . I am only reasonably deaf; my two promising cataracts are so slow about their work that I begin to laugh at them . . . and I can see with both my eyes and read with one; and my writer's cramp is very considerate, and is letting me write without interference, as you can see." And again, just after his last birthday: "I am scattering thanks right and left—from hands as full as they can hold. Your kind expressions are very grateful to me. They do me good—old age at best is lonely, and the process of changing one's whole suit of friends and acquaintances has its moments when one feels naked and shivers. . . . I have been contemplating the leafless boughs and the brown turf in the garden of my memory."

The courageous, cheery, altogether gracious and lovable personality of the man is faithfully enshrined in this admirable little monograph; when you have read the details of his quiet, uneventful life, the things he said and did, and the things that were said about him, the resultant portrait in your mind squares exactly with the one you had formed of him from a reading of his books, and if you have not yet read these it will be strange if Mr. Townsend's pleasant and stimulating pages do not move you to do so.

A. ST. J. A.

* "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Centenary Biography. By Lewis W. Townsend. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

Novel Notes.

A CHANGE IN THE CABINET. By H. Belloc. 6s. (Methuen.)

The ordinary Englishman takes his politics very seriously. Is it his French blood that makes Mr. Belloc find them a huge and somewhat ignoble farce? We fear that he has no reverence for our party system, and is capable of speaking disrespectfully of institutions somewhat nearer than the Equator. In his last book he has set himself to treat our political complacency and smugness as he scarified our Imperialism in "Emanuel Burden." Sir Charles Repton, decorous head of a dignified Department, in consequence of a slight accident to a set of nerves situated behind the ear, and named Caryll's Ganglia, is seized with

a disgusting mania for truth-telling. There are very obvious possibilities in such a situation, but we do not think Mr. Belloc has made the most of them. In the main, Sir Charles's vagaries are confined to such innocent expansions as fighting a 'bus-conductor and slapping his head-footman on the back. Whether Mr. Belloc intended his book to be taken as serious satire or insuperable farce, it is hard to say. Its irony is too farcical to strike home, and its farce too laboured to amuse. It is illustrative of Mr. Belloc's manner that the Premier, who is in his fifty-fifth year, is introduced to us as "Dolly, the young and popular Prime Minister, who suffered slightly with his left lung." It is an excellent introduction, and a palpable hit. But repeated, as Mr. Belloc repeats it, on every second page, it begins to irritate. The "Change in the Cabinet" is an amusing book, with many very felicitous touches of irony and wit, but it is hardly worthy of the author of "Emanuel Burden."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

It is impossible to give any adequate notion of this story by merely summarising the plot, and it is impossible to summarise the plot intelligibly within the compass of a Novel Note. For the plot's the thing in "An Eye for an Eye," and a richly sensational and very ingenious thing it is. It is packed with surprises and telling situations; from the moment when you find Raymond Barr in prison, scheming to assume the identity of another prisoner for the purpose of escaping, to that happier close where, having assumed that identity and been involved in difficulty and disgrace and danger by reason of the crimes that had been committed by the man whose place he has taken, he has succeeded in vindicating himself and returns to the woman he loves, bringing his sheaves of riches and honour with him, there is not a page on which something is not happening to hold the reader's interest and urge him forward to discover how it all ends. You may find fault with the book for not being what it was obviously never intended to be, but you cannot deny that it is written with a good deal of vigour and a good deal of imagination, and is always eminently readable.

Photo by Lallie Charles.
Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton.

MARCIA. By Marguerite Curtis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The authoress informs us in a foreword that "Marcia" is a transcript from life. Such statements are, to the reader, suspect. They savour of apology, as though the writer were demanding grace of him in advance for artistic improbabilities, on the grounds that they are literal facts. In this case, his suspicions will be baseless. For life, in this transcription, displays a docile and artistic conformity to the canons of the novel. In a word, the book has intrinsic literary value. The first part deals minutely, and with a sometimes wearisome wealth of detail, with Marcia's childhood, with the feuds and friendships of the nursery, the little triumphs and humiliations of the schoolroom. Not till Marcia is almost seventeen does she, or any one else, realise that she is not as other girls. Then the responsibility of a peculiarly cruel hoax, carried out by means of fictitious letters, is traced to Marcia, who can neither deny nor comprehend. Henceforward her life is overshadowed by dread of the recurrence of this strange malady of inconscient malice. Once and again, at different crises of her life, these manifestations of dual personality recur, till Marcia feels that she is accursed of Heaven, banned from the kindly commerce of her fellows. The story is one of heart-gripping pathos, a pathos only heightened by the feeling that had Marcia but realised that she was ill, not evil, the tragedy of her life might have been averted.

THE RED ROSE OF A SUMMER. By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

An ably written book, though in parts it is slightly disappointing. The story begins well, but, as the plot develops, it is not so fresh and unhackneyed as the opening led one to hope it was going to be. A young widow staying in Venice becomes acquainted with a youth (she nicknames him the Boy) who is staying in the same hotel as herself. They are strangely attracted to each other, and, both being lonely, they strike up a friendship, which gradually ripens into love. Decidedly good is the character study of Anna Von Norme, "seventeen, and not yet out," who is visiting Venice with her governess. "In the descent of dreary women, yclept the World, Anna was an oasis. She could talk about herself till the Greek Kalends, yet she was never dull. One's brain might reel; one's ear grow deaf with the sound of her voice; one's imagination, worn out with going so long a gallop beside hers, might jib and refuse the journey; but never could any one be bored with Anna Von Norme." The conversation throughout is entertaining, and sometimes smart. "There are things that are stronger than Fate. Money is one of them." "To talk to a lady in German at dinner is like treading on her toes." Miss Mack's style, uncommonly easy and natural, would make almost any plot at least readable and interesting.

SIXPENNY PIECES. By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (Lane.)

When you have said that the forty-two stories in "Sixpenny Pieces" are clever, you have not said everything or the best about them. They are very much more than clever. Mr. Lyons has taken for the world of his book the consulting-room, the private life and professional practice of a sixpenny doctor in the East End of London, and he brings you into close acquaintance with a remarkably motley and remarkably interesting circle of poor men and women. Is the doctor himself or his precocious, innocent and astonishingly outspoken daughter "James" the most interesting and most entertaining character in the book? You may settle that for yourself; it is enough that both are vividly and well drawn and refreshingly

Photo by E. Le Mesurier and W. Marshall.

Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson (Mrs. Harrod).

Taken at the age of eighteen, when she wrote her first book.

original. The stories move through an atmosphere of reality; they are told with grim little touches of irony, with an elusive restrained pathos, and above all with the quaintest and kindliest gift of humour. It is this abounding humour that saves even the grimmest of them from being squalid, the saddest from being depressing, and makes the reading of them all entirely enjoyable.

THE WANTON. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. 6s. (Greening.)

Perhaps the rather long introduction is superfluous, and the style is afflicted with certain irritating affectations that smack of Meredith, but when you have said this you leave yourself with nothing to say of "The Wanton" that is not in praise of it. The story is of the Middle Ages, but Miss Forbes-Robertson does not attempt to recapture the spirit and manner of her period by the laborious use of old words or anything of archaic language—"that quaint mongrel method is not mine," she remarks in the Preface; but she does succeed in recapturing that spirit nevertheless, and fills her pages with it. Her plot is simplicity itself; she has nothing to tell you but a glowing romance of love with a brilliant warrior for its hero, a background of good fighting, and for heroine the most charming, most innocent of "wantons" who loves and is loved by the man who marries her cold, ambitious cousin, but it is all woven into a tale that is vividly picturesque and wholly fascinating, and comes over rough and perilous ways, through treacheries and failures and misunderstandings to an end that the reader had given up hoping for.

'NEATH AUSTRAL SKIES. By Louis Becke. 6s. (John Milne.)

Mr. Becke's latest book consists of some twenty odd sketches, grave and gay, humorous or grim, of which some are autobiographical, others cast in fictional form, and a large section descriptive. The author writes of what he has seen and known, and with the insight which knowledge gives. He brings home to us, with a singular vividness, the fascination and the terror of these islands of the Southern Seas, where men seem to sit the more lightly to life, that mere physical life which is so easy and so exuberant under smiling skies. He makes us free of his wide knowledge of the unpleasant habits of the shark and has many gruesome stories to tell of the dangers that await the inexpert fisherman in southern waters. Herodotus might have envied him his story—for whose truth he vouches—of the vast spiders'-webs, resistent as fine-meshed steel, with which the natives of certain islands net the rivers. A chapter on the "Palolo Worm" and another on "Submarine Deserts" have a value perhaps more distinctly scientific than literary, but Mr. Jacobs could not have bettered the humorous justice of "Dennison Gets Even," and "Clarkson's Last Chance" has an arresting grimness. Mr. Becke, like Mr. Conrad, has read deeply in the mystery of the sea and in the hearts of those who go down to it in ships.

THE STAIRWAY OF HONOUR. By Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In one of these short stories Mrs. Rawson describes "a picture crowded with figures, a motley crew, both splendid and sordid, of which the personages knelt in a circle at the feet of the three Fates on thrones, each swinging scales. One Fate pitted beauty against gold, another swung youth—a laughing child in a golden net—against renown, a third balanced the orb of power against secret content, symbolised by a heart lying among rose-leaves." These words sum up the chief motives of the tales in this attractive and clever volume. The first four are mediæval, the next five are set in the eighteenth century, while the rest are modern. Mrs. Rawson has been successful in managing the difficult art of the short story, and her pages offer ample variety of tragedy, romance, and comedy. Perhaps the best of the tales are "Samson makes Sport," "Chloe finds a Conscience," and "The Adventurers," but all are readable, and the authoress knows how to catch the heart of an episode in such a way as to arrest the attention. This is as fine a book of short stories as has been published for some time.

THE FLYING MONTHS. By Frances M. Peard. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The pivot of this story is the contrast between a clever, heartless Anglo-Indian widow and a sensible young girl who goes out to Florence, and eventually to India, to be her companion. John Elliott, the hero of the tale, accompanies them in order to discover the secret of his birth; falls in love with Nesta; is eventually awakened to the shallowness of her nature; and finally turns to the genuine Cordelia, who has been in love with him all along. The authoress only hints at the latter consummation, but her reticence is more skilful than any deliberate love-scene would have been. There are some amusing minor characters in the shape of clerical figures, and the authoress has scored in her delineation of a retired Anglo-Indian officer who revisits the scenes of his triumphs. These subordinate characters help to lend variety to the main plot of an extremely fresh and well-constructed novel. The title is the least relevant thing about it; the Indian episodes are perhaps the best.

A LITTLE GREEN WORLD. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Mr. Bell failed for twenty thousand pounds, and then went away to the only country where money does not matter. After that Mrs. Bell and Lydia came to the little green world." So the story begins, and it goes on to tell of their life in the green world—the quiet little country village of Sowthorpe. Lydia is a charming, high-spirited girl. On several occasions she is presented in very un-

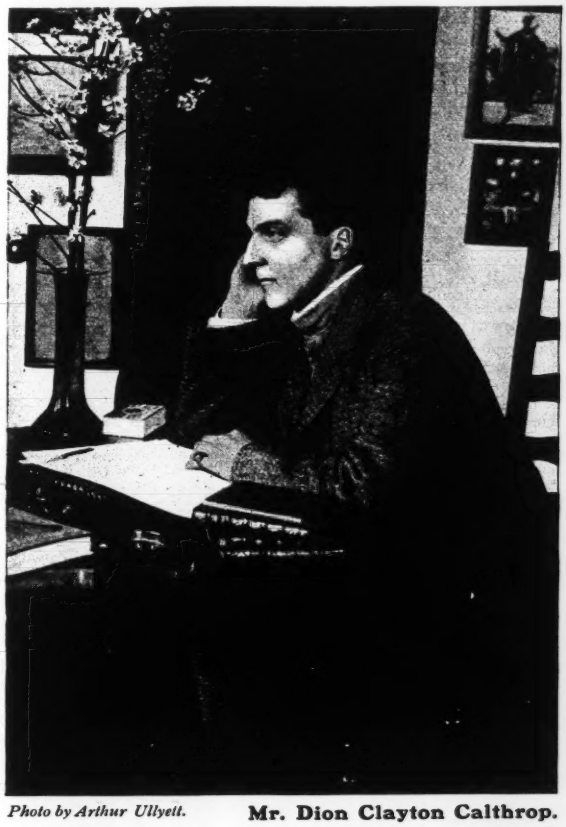


Photo by Arthur Ullyett. **Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop.**

heroinelike situations, such as dripping wet with rain or in a shabby hat and dress on an intensely hot summer day. In one of the biggest scenes in the book she appears dripping wet, her hair hanging in "tails," whilst her steaming shoes stand drying in front of the fire. Nevertheless, she is very attractive and very natural. It is much to be regretted that the latter cannot be said of all the characters in the book. One or two others are quite well drawn. Mr. Bonning, for instance, is excellent—a splendid character—he is, or ought to be, the hero of the story. But, sometimes, there is a tendency to caricature and exaggeration; the humour now and then is decidedly forced. One feels that certain passages have been written to gain an effect—which is lost, because the effort to gain it is obvious. Only here and there, though, one is thus disappointed in the book. On the whole, brightly written, in a light, brisk style, it is uncommonly good, and makes very delightful reading.

EVERYBODY'S SECRET. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Calthrop is not a novelist of the first rank; strictly speaking, he is not a novelist at all, but there is a quality of brightness in his writing that makes up for a good many faults of technique. There is something jolly in his conception of the hero of "Everybody's Secret," the big, blundering, simple Toby Quarrenden, who at thirty has never discovered that the game of life differs in any essential measure from the game of football. For an author of such romping high spirits it is difficult to make convincing the fact that so sweet a woman as Christine Macaire, the actress who is in love with Toby, ever had a past of the peculiarly sordid character that is more than half suggested. As for the secret, a secret that everybody in the story has to keep from Toby, because he would never understand, it is briefly this: Toby's bosom friend, Welby, a little cynical, always of immaculate appearance, and almost a millionaire upon the profits of a proprietary soap, has an affair in his poverty-stricken youth with the pretty, but rather shallow, Iris Feringay, a governess in his aunt's house. There is a child, provided for by Welby, but Iris disappears, and Welby, very much in love, loses all traces of her. Six years afterwards, Toby, alone, has a romantic meeting with Iris, is swept off his feet by her grace and prettiness, proposes and is accepted, and brings her to town to introduce to his friends. Phyllis, her daughter, has been "adopted" by Welby. There is a difficult time for everybody, and then—the secret is out. But Iris dies and Toby gets over it all, and realises, a new man, that it is Christine he has been wanting for all these years. The only tragic figure in the last chapter is Welby, and that he still has Phyllis is his consolation.

HENRY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Courlander has turned from the sombre realism of "The Sacrifice" and "The Taskmaster" to give us in "Henry in Search of a Wife" one of the gayest and most charming of sentimental comedies. Henry is middle-aged, a little bald, satisfied with himself, and to all appearance a confirmed bachelor, when his friend the widow, Isabel Jardine, decides that he ought to marry, and that moreover he ought to marry her niece, Phœbe. Henry is determined that he will do nothing of the kind; Phœbe laughs at his fear of her, and shows a decided preference for a younger admirer, and the reader is cunningly led into a belief that Henry will end in marrying Mrs. Jardine herself. The widow insists that her niece shall accept him, and objects to the other suitor, and at length in order to free the girl from this unsatisfactory position, Henry chivalrously resolves that he will go away abroad and look for the woman he may be inclined to marry. His adventures on this delicate quest are written with a sly and sparkling humour, and the end of it all is precisely what it ought to be. "Henry" is an ideal book for holiday reading; the dialogue is clever, the story abounds in piquant situations, and the whole thing is matter for healthful and pleasant laughter.

JOHN SAINT. By Arthur Brebner. 6s. (Warne.)

Mr. Arthur Brebner is a new writer of some promise. In "John Saint" he shows that he can invent a good story and that he can tell it plausibly, while he also has an eye for effective characterisation. Unfortunately, however, his manner is rather against him; he does not make enough of his legitimate dramatic effects, and his dialogue is often stilted and unnatural. Besides these faults he is inclined to strike a forced note when he makes his hero the prey of devils. One would have thought that the ravages of John Saint's conscience—the compelling powers of which that gentleman grossly underrated—could have been indicated in some more ordinary and more effective manner. But when all is said, "John Saint" is quite a good story, and gives abundant promise of better work to come. It concerns the sea, and its main incidents comprise an ingenious act of piracy, robbery, a duel, a suicide, and one escape from death from exposure in an open boat without food or water, a falling into hopeless love, and, finally, a restitution of the stolen article and thus a change for the better on the part of the hero. On the whole, this is an enjoyable sensational story if one skips judiciously.

Mr. Arthur Brebner.

THE ROMANCE OF A PLAIN MAN. By Ellen Glasgow. 6s. (John Murray.)

Miss Glasgow has once more laid the scene of her story in Virginia, but in the Virginia of post-bellum days. Side by side with the old aristocracy, clinging with pathetic pertinacity to ancestral tradition, is growing up a new industrial democracy. Ben Starr, the son of a shiftless stonemason, who raises himself from errand-boy to railway magnate, is of the new era; the heroine's aunts, Miss Mitty and Miss Matioca, frail and fine as thin porcelain, of the old. In their niece, Sally Micklenborough, inherited prejudice is at war with the dictates of the heart. The heart is victor, and Sally, the descendant of the Blands and the Fairfaxes, marries Ben Starr in the face of her world. But the plain man, though he never doubts his wife's love, feels that there are certain barriers to full comprehension between them, certain things in which he fails and must fail to satisfy her ideals. In despair he turns to money-making, in a fury of haste to be rich. A life of luxury, at the least, he can and will give her. And so they go their separate ways, he to the office, and she to the ball-room. He is lavish of his gifts, but chary of his company and kisses, and gradually estrangement creeps in. But before the breach be widened beyond all healing, stark ruin throws husband and wife into each other's arms. And there, we cannot but think, the authoress would have been wise to leave them. For when she shows us Ben Starr once more swept into the swirl of speculation, blind to his wife's lonely lassitude, deaf to the lessons of the past, our sense of verisimilitude is strained to the breaking point. These last fifty pages may strengthen the authoress's indictment of the mania for money-making, but they certainly weaken the artistic value of the book. In the matter of style, Miss Glasgow is often felicitous and never slipshod.

MORAN OF KILDALLY. By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If Ian Maclaren and the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" had ever written in collaboration, this is very much the sort of book we should have expected of them. It has the pawky humour, the tender pathos, the deep religious strain of the one, and mingles with them no little of the grim realism of the other. The pictures of life and character in the little Scottish town of Kildally are faithfully and sympathetically presented; you are made acquainted with the sadness and squalor of the place and people, as well as with their happier ways and exquisite humanity; and the story of drunken Moran's sinking into the abyss and long struggle to rise out of it is a poignant and very impressive piece of work. "There's no chance for that man ever rising," said the Session Clerk. "You'll never lift a man till he acknowledges he's down." "No," said the lawyer, "I fancy you could have no resurrection without deid folk. He'll give himself, perhaps, no chance——" "But he may get God's chance," replied the Session Clerk. And it is God's chance that he gets at last. This is no everyday novel, though it is all of everyday lives.

ENVIOUS ELIZA. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The titular heroine of this novel hardly deserves her adjective; her envy is the mild envy of a childless woman for the mother of children, and of a successful novelette-writer for the genuine artist in literature. Otherwise Lady Eliza is a good fairy to Patricia Etchingham, who is the real heroine of the book. Her brother marries a girl who suddenly develops into a heartless flirt, and the plot of the novel rests on the difference which this marriage made in the position of Patricia. The latter comes into her kingdom of love at the end, but not until she has suffered in more ways than one. Like all the stories of the authoress, this one has the merits of ease and insight. Dorothy's hardening of heart against her mother is the weakest psychological link in the plot, but the other characters are incisively drawn, particularly the women. There is plenty of interest in the book, and the reader is carried on to the end with unabated pleasure and zest. So good a tale deserved a better title.

A YOUNG MAN MARRIED. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

Captain Cinnamond is by no means "a young man marred" after his sudden marriage to Rosita de Lara. The latter is thrown on the protection of Wellington's army after the siege of Badajoz, and the captain becomes her husband in an impulse of love. The impulse does not pass away. But his wife's relatives disapprove of her marriage to a heretic, and show their disapproval in the unpleasant form of intrigue and violence. Rosita is kidnapped; Cinnamond is attacked; but love triumphs over obstacles, and the loyal pair eventually succeed in outwitting the Spanish plot. Cinnamond in fact is redeemed by his love for Rosita. It involves him in awkward mishaps, but it steadies him in his profession and brings out the core of loyalty and goodness which hitherto had not been conspicuous in his character. The military episodes are lavishly told, and form a stirring background to this clever, vigorous romance.

A REAPING. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"A Reaping" is a book of quite unusual charm, a book that will be enjoyed no less for its story than for its ripe philosophy, its sparkling wit, and its humour. The few characters introduced are so skilfully portrayed that it is difficult to think of them as mere "characters" in a novel. Written in the first person, the book chiefly concerns the writer, his wife Helen, and his cousin, "Legs," a youth of twenty. "Legs is the only name he is ever known by, since he is one of those people who are almost unknown by their real name (which in this case is Francis Horace Allenby), and are alluded to only by some nickname which is far more suitable. If, for instance, I said to somebody who knew him quite well, 'Have you seen Francis lately?' I should probably be favoured with an inquiring stare, and then, 'Oh, Legs you mean!' . . . The name, I need scarcely add, is a personal and descriptive nickname, for Legs chiefly consists of them." Mr. Holmes, a neighbour from whom they derive much amusement, is "generally known as the Bun-hander, because no tea-party has ever been known to take place for miles round at which Mr. Holmes was not handing refreshments to the ladies. . . . Personally, I can behave beautifully when Mr. Holmes finds Helen and me alone, but I am rather nervous if Legs happens to be in the room, for he is quite unable to take his eyes off Mr. Holmes, but stares at him in a sort of stupor of wonderment. Once (that is a year ago now) he left the room very suddenly. Choking and muffled sounds were heard from the hall and the stamping of feet. Helen and I talked very loud to overscore this, and I trust Mr. Holmes did not hear. But when Legs is there, I am afraid . . . that I shall be overtaken too, with helpless giggling. If I begin, Helen will go off, and I can imagine no way of satisfactorily terminating the interview." One feels a strong desire to know more of the people in "A Reaping"—to meet them again. Mr. Benson has never done anything lighter, brighter, cleverer, or more delightfully entertaining.

The Bookman's Table.

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Frederic Manning. 6s. (John Murray.)

Often in modern books we have encountered poets whose remarks—and eke behaviour—were not palpably poetic; we have met Napoleons and Balzacs who can never have been nearer France than Wardour Street. It is a thing most perilous to put some words into the mouth of Socrates, to try to make him move and talk and have his being. Those who do not care for Socrates will not care overmuch for your performance, those who care for Socrates will have a thousand arrows waiting for you. Let us say that you succeed and that your sentences are as eternal as the singing birds. Then, as Mr. Manning says, "the birds go delightfully upon the ways of the wind, though the arrows which shall bring them to earth are stored in the quiver." But Mr. Manning is of those who can create, or rather he can project the Socrates who fortunately dwells inside him. And he has not only Socrates but Paul and Renan, Francis of Assisi, Thomas Cromwell, Machiavelli, Adam. In this book are portraits of a character so lifelike that we seem to share this life. The only adverse criticism one could make is that the personages talk too well, but we permit the slight convention which assumes that Socrates was never unsocratic. We are carried out of one delightful scene into another, passing slowly—for the beauty is too great, the wisdom too profound for rapid reading. There is thought of a remarkable originality, such as the idea of the opening tale, wherein our first parents are discovered by the philosophic Bagoas, High-priest of the temple of Bel at Nippur, and are described with charming discursiveness to Merodach, the King of Uruk, to the Queen Parysatis and the little Princess Candace who threw her sugar-plums into a silver basin, seventy cubits in diameter, for naked little diving girls. Now we may get a thousand sugar-plums with far less trouble, if we read this book.

A SUMMER GARDEN. By Annette Furness. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

A man and his wife, a girl and her middle-aged lover—these are the four persons who play out the pleasant little drama that is enacted in "A Summer Garden," and it is the wife who stage-manages it all and plays the part of chronicler. The charm of the book lies partly in this thin thread of story that runs through it; you are curiously interested in these four people and in the development of their fragrant romance; it lies partly in the hints you get of the old-world garden that is the scene of all, or almost all, that happens; but more than all it lies in the asides, the reflections, the gracious philosophy and happy fancies that flower out of the writer's narrative as the roses did in her garden. "I believe," she says, "the discoveries we make concerning our friends are fraught with as great possibilities as are our geographical explorations," and she proceeds to justify that faith. "I have gradually realised," she remarks elsewhere, "that there is an inner world of our own creation, which must be untrodden by our nearest and dearest; perhaps the secret may be that when we were ejected from Paradise as a material dwelling-place, there still lurked in our spirit the remembrance of it, and though the gates may be sternly barred against us, we are able to creep in secretly and wander about in a world of ideals." The book is admirably written and full of good things; the harvestings of a quiet eye, the wisdom of a thoughtful, sympathetic spirit.

AMERICANS. By Alexander Francis. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

In spite of its readableness and the great interest of its subject, this is not a book for everybody. Many people, no doubt, would be supremely bored by it, should they chance to get it from their library. Obviously it addresses itself to that class in England and America that can think for itself. Mr. Francis resolutely refrains from word-painting, and has produced no mere record of travel, with a few superficial "personal impressions" thrown in; instead he has devoted himself, and with considerable success, to a study of the American nation through their institutions. The essays that the book contains have already appeared as a series of special articles in the *Times*, and we have no doubt that their more permanent form will be welcomed. To our manner of thinking, the book rather too evidently shows its source of origin, for it is a little inclined to be scrappy and ultra-condensed. This, however, is the only fault we can find with a work that in all other respects is excellent. Mr. Francis's point of view is both individual and suggestive. A keen observer, he is open and broad-minded and is as ready with praise as with blame. The chapters on Education—an education in America is very different from one in England—strike us as of especial interest, though in our opinion the author is inclined, if such a thing be possible, to overrate the influence of the Higher Education in particular and of culture in general. The book serves admirably to throw a much-needed light on the nature and the ideals of the general mass of the American people, and we strongly recommend it.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. Frederic Manning.

THE BRETONS AT HOME. By Mrs. Frances M. Gostling. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

M. Anatole Le Braz in his delightful preface to Mrs. F. M. Gostling's interesting book, "The Bretons at Home," speaks of the communion which has, by reason of many visits to Brittany, come to be established between the heart of the authoress and "the spirit, so profoundly

human, of this land and race." "To love Brittany," also writes M. Le Braz, "is one of the necessities of comprehension." After a careful reading of Mrs. Gostling's book we are convinced that she possesses this qualification for understanding the Breton nature to a large degree. She is very right in claiming for Brittany (notwithstanding that it lacks in a measure the softer beauties and finer ecclesiastical architecture of its sister Province, Normandy) the remarkable influence which the land exercises over those who know it and travel through it with the seeing eyes and understanding heart. The "call" of Brittany, indeed, is very much like that well-known call of the East to the mystical power of which writers and travellers are so constantly referring. In the volume now under notice we have not only delightful pen-pictures of quaint villages, where now-a-days even "the tide in the affairs of men" seems never to flow save so gently that the lives of the people are almost undisturbed thereby, but also pages of humour and observation which serve to bring clearly before the mental vision of the reader the distinctive qualities of the romantic and (to the casual tourist) the apparently dour-spirited, phlegmatic Breton. But in Mrs. Gostling's pages one gets a glimpse into the inner shrine of the hearts of this religious, superstitious, and "hard" race. There is much, too, in the volume of the beautiful and quaint churches, with their extraordinary fine carving, such as the south porches at Bulat and Landivisiad; the wonderful carved doorway (with a very unconventional rendering of Adam and Eve in Paradise) at Guimilliau; the architectural beauties and legends of Guingamp in the north and Quiberon in the south, and many other interesting places in between. The legends and stories woven around such spots as Carnac, the peninsula of Morbihan, the manor houses such as that of Goadèlan, are lightly touched upon. "A charming and interesting book; not too learned, but just learned enough," is the twelve-word review we should feel inclined to write were we so limited as to space. A word for the pictures. Those reproduced from photographs are almost without exception excellent. Somehow or other several of the coloured pictures, from drawings by M. Gaston Fanton Lescure, have failed to catch the "atmosphere," though two or three are quite good.

FRESH LEAVES AND GREEN PASTURES. By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. net. (Nash.)

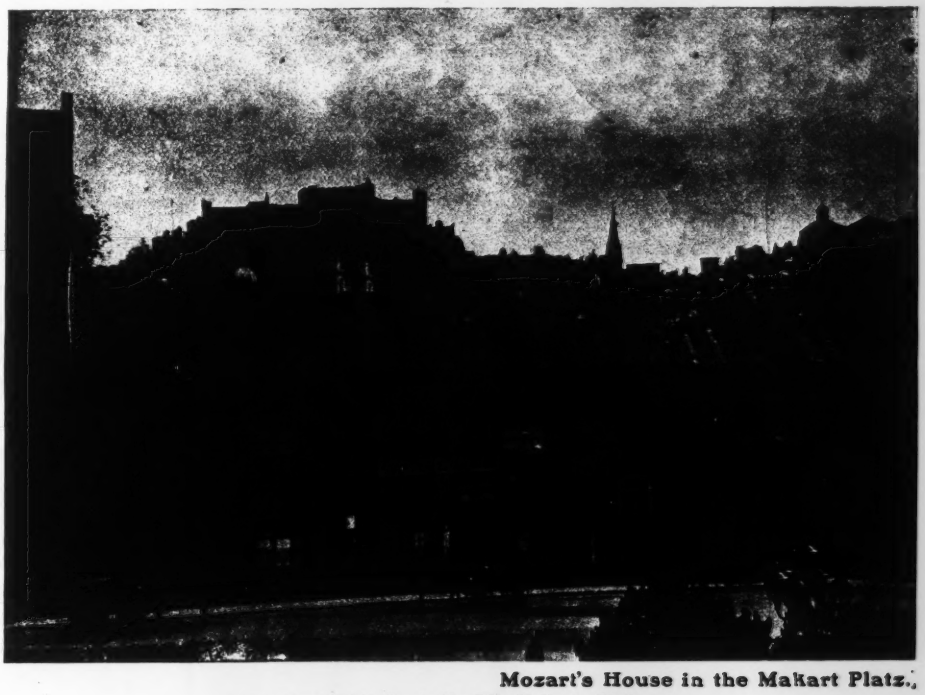
We are afraid that this book may fall rather flat. After the same author's piquant and vivacious "Leaves from a Life," her second work comes as an anti-climax. It is, indeed, a work of very different calibre, in spite of the similarity in the titles. A sort of glorified common-place book, it is a pleasant personal record of life as it was lived fifty years ago. True, the author brings her record down to the present day, but these later portions of the period covered—with the exception of a spirited defence of *The* Trade (of brewing)—are of far less interest than those which treat of times past. Here the author seems happier, and certainly she is very successful in her reproduction of "atmosphere." Of especial interest also is the comparison drawn between the Mid-Victorian manner of life and that of the present day. Truth compels us to state, however, that many of the reminiscences are very small beer indeed. What shall be said of the following? "It is easy enough now to entertain in the country, and besides that I bought my experience remarkably dearly, and am in consequence much more able to cope with the housekeeping than I was then. Indeed, I remember with pride that when some little time ago I was living for a while at least eight miles from a shop, Mr. Barry Pain, who was staying with me, remarked that he could not understand where the food came from. Nothing was ever forgotten, and we had always a sufficiently varied menu to please even his fastidious taste!" A great deal of "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures" is in this vein, and it strikes us as book-making pure and simple. However, the book is well written, and in better taste than "Leaves from a Life," and we recommend parts of it without hesitation.

At Port Blanc: Anatole Le Braz collecting Folk-lore.

From "The Bretons at Home," by Frances M. Gostling. (Methuen.)

TYROL AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Clive Holland. 10s. 6d net. (Methuen.)



Mozart's House in the Makart Platz.
From "Tyrol and its People," by Clive Holland. (Methuen.)

This is a model of what the guide-book ought to be—and so often is not. It is safe to say that a stranger visiting Tyrol would find here everything he wants to know about the history, the romance, and the many attractions of the country, in addition to a description of the many quaint and characteristic customs of its inhabitants. Mr. Holland has clearly set before himself the ambition of setting down as much about Tyrol as he can get into three-hundred-odd closely printed pages; and, as he knows a great deal about that country, the result is an excellent and informing volume. Beginning with a couple of chapters upon the history of his subject (chapters which are, perhaps, a trifle over-condensed) and one upon some characteristic legends, customs, and sports, the author devotes himself for the rest of the book to a description of particular towns. He leaves Tyrol for two chapters upon the beautiful Salzburg and its surroundings—a lapse which may be pardoned on account of the exceptional interest of the subject. Mr. Holland's notes upon the various places are exactly what the traveller requires. He supplies a great deal of information in a very small space, he tells one what to see in every place of importance in Tyrol, and he gives some chatty descriptions of Tyrolese customs, and some interesting versions of the folk-lore in which the country is exceptionally rich. We have nothing but praise for the many excellent photographs which help to illustrate the book, while many of the sixteen coloured illustrations by Mr. Adrian Stokes are beautiful, and all are excellently reproduced. A more complete map would be an advantage to a book which should both attract many visitors to Tyrol and many readers for itself.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

A healthy note is struck at the very beginning of Miss Isabel Macdonald's book on **Home Nursing** (2s. 6d. net), by the quotation which comes before her preface, viz.—

"It is very good for strength
To feel that some one needs you to be strong."

It implies that a goodly number of us could be much better in health if we would *want* to be well, and would renounce the megrims. At the same time, illness is a stern fact, and much nursing has to be done without a scientific training; and for those who find themselves called upon, without preparation or experience, to carry out doctors' orders or meet an emergency, this handy volume is invaluable. From hæmorrhage to a bruise, from a steam tent to a poultice, from the giving of medicine to first aid in the case of a fractured leg, the little book is full of hints and counsel and direct teaching. Miss Macdonald, in addition to her practical information on the subject of nursing, gives many chapters on health in the home, and on the taking care of health and personal appearance, if we have them. With some good recipes for invalid cookery she completes an undeniably useful and altogether interesting book.

MESSRS. MAUNSEL & CO.

Ballad-lovers should not omit to read (to possess, too) the new volume by Frederick Langbridge, Canon of Limerick. Canon Langbridge has already proved his strength as a balladist, and in his latest collection, **The Power of Red Michael, and Other Ballads** (2s. 6d. net), he proves again his facile power, his gripping unconventionality, his picturesque roughness yet sureness of style. These ballads hold strength, gruesomeness, beauty; their author has wandered in imagination, he tells us, in "a region stark and sheer, dim, forbidden, peopled by evil ghosts. Almost I could wish I never had seen its dreadful gulleys, its glimmering, ghastly peaks." The ballads must have cost their writer some painful emotion, but we ourselves are thankful that he visited that awful land.

MESSRS. GIBBINGS & CO.

We shall not tire of volumes of short stories if Mr. Charles Lee continues to gossip about Porthjulyan as entertainingly as he has done in **Our Little Town** (3s. 6d.). "Physically and politically, all Porthjulyan is divided into two parts—the Town proper, and Gov'ment." And Porthjulyan is a fishing-village in Cornwall. With an affectionate honesty the author writes of the daily ups and downs as well as of the episodic happenings in the lives of the villagers of Porthjulyan. He takes them with a kindly laugh at times, at times with a fine mock seriousness. There is humour in plenty here—the humour that is better a thousand times than wit when describing a people the writer holds in affection. Get the book and spend an hour at "Penticost's," is our advice to readers. "Penticost's might aptly be described as the brain of Porthjulyan. . . . In plain language, Penticost's is our shoe-maker's shop, and the chief meeting-place of our menfolk." Pentecost's is indeed a spot where (Porthjulyan) history is made; and Mr. Lee is a worthy historian.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

A courageous handling of the story of the first murder is found in **Abel** (2s. 6d. net), a poem in blank verse by Dr. David Sandler. We remember the scholarly interest of Dr. Sandler's former work, and in the present poem we feel again that much thought has been given to the familiar episode. The title might well have been "Cain," instead of "Abel," for Cain stands out as the most prominent character, and it is his rebellious spirit, daringly uttering his blasphemies in the face of the repentance and resignation of his parents and the gentle obedience of Abel, which gives the force to the theme. "Abel" is a vivid piece of writing, and contains some haunting lines.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Lovers of "We Three and Troddles" will be glad to learn some of the earlier adventures of the attractive group, and Mr. R. Andom tells these in his new volume, **The Runaways** (6s.). Troddles & Co. begin by succumbing to the fascinations of a captive balloon at a fair, and secretly making their way over the side of its car. The trouble was that the balloon was *not*

captive, and then the adventures begin. It is a gay chronicle, proving how thoroughly a group of boys may play at desert islands and yet be within a stone's throw of law and justice.

Mr. A. G. Folliott Stokes is an admirer of Cornwall, and as a companion to his earlier volume, "From St. Ives to Land's End," he now gives us **From Land's End to the Lizard** (1s. net). This is a combination-book of beauty, information, appreciation, and delight. Its illustrations, too, are charming and unusual. We sincerely wish that Mr. Stokes would not use such an incongruous word as "hinterland" to describe a district of a most un-Teutonic country; but apart from this jar, we gain only pleasure from this book which proves him a true lover of his subject.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

When motorists find it necessary to cease from motoring for a while, they will find a feverishly vivid account of Antonio Scarfoglio's tour, **Round the World in a Motor Car** (15s. net), all ready for them to compensate somewhat for the misfortune of having to stay still. With a couple of well-matched companions and an unorthodox programme, the author went over desert and snow-field, over rocks and through rivers. "It is a strange, disordered, mad life that we are leading," he writes, "centred in one sole anxiety, that of always getting forward." The description of this "getting forward" is well told, and never dull. Mr. J. Parker Heyes has translated it into English, and seventy reproduced photographs show us the car and its drivers on their way.

MESSRS. J. BAKER & SON.

Most of us know something of the joys of debate, either as speakers or listeners, and realise the two sides of the shield of Truth. In **A Study of Opposites** (3s. 6d. net), Miss Mary A. Woods gives us something of the joy of debate, and something beyond it also. Taking such subjects as "Success and Failure," "Riches and Poverty," "Society and Solitude," "The Simple and the Complex," and others, she shows us, to some extent, not only both sides of the shield, but that in some lights the silver may become gold, the gold silver, or, to put it differently, that there is a failure which is actually success, a poverty which is actually riches, a society which is lonelier than a solitude, and so forth. The essays are thoughtfully written and are provocative of thought, they are wise, broad in view, and cheerful as well as keen, and they abound in such apt quotations as not only give point to the arguments, but provide a pleasure in themselves.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The man or woman who has memories has generally the power to write a book which shall contain something of value or interest. Such a book is **Eton Memories**, by an Old Etonian (10s. 6d. net). It is a volume of odds and ends, of recollections of days of play and of work. It is written discursively and without straining after any finished style, but it will remind Etonians pleasantly of their schooldays, and reveal to the general public many an odd rule and custom of the school. The illustrations are valuable also.

MR. A. C. FIFIELD.

Lady Constance Lytton in her witty and forcible pamphlet, **No Votes for Women** (3d. net), sees clearly just where the enemy's forces are strongest. To women who feel keenly the corporate degradation of womanhood involved in the condition of the downtrodden and the outcast, the most moving appeal in the entire pamphlet lies in the testimony of medical women, "whose very names are an argument," that the worst evils of our social life are bound up with the lack of effective representation for women.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Teachers are already indebted to Messrs. Macmillan for many well-edited selections of Tennyson's poems. These publishers have now added two admirable volumes, **The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems**, and **English Idylls, and Other Poems** (1s. 9d. each), edited by Mr. J. H. Fowler, M.A. The name of the editor is sufficient guarantee of the workmanlike nature of their equipment. The Introduction and Notes are commendably brief, and useful hints are given as to metre. The Introductions are not mutually inclusive, and it might have been better had they contained a general section common to both, and another dealing with the particular contents of each volume. And—brief as the notes are—we scarcely see the necessity for explaining that "pard" means "leopard," and that "plumed" means "feathered." This kind of annotation seems rather to ignore the existence both of the teacher and the pupil's dictionary.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have issued yet another edition of Frederic W. H. Myers's poem, **St. Paul** (1s. net). The impressive "spaciousness" of style, the consolation, the Clough-like tenderness, and the forceful reasoning of the lines are as arresting now as when it was first published in 1867. This is a dainty yet sober-covered little "Gem Edition," handy for the pocket and appropriately designed.

From Messrs. Macmillan also comes the desirable complete edition of Palgrave's **Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics** (3s. 6d. net). A truly fascinating volume, necessary for every library.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, who have joined the ranks of the "sevenpenny publishers," send us two attractive reprints—**Her Own People**, by the ever-popular Mrs. B. M. Croker; and **The Turnstile of Night**, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Excellent little volumes, firmly bound and well-chosen.

Not the least welcome of the Rev. David Macrae's works will be the latest volume which has reached us from Messrs. John Smith & Son, Glasgow, of the uniform edition of his varied writings. This is **A Feast of Fun**, a capital collection of anecdotes, puns, epitaphs, parodies, and blunders. As a volume to dip into it is irresistible.

It is now scarcely necessary to draw the attention of students and teachers of our literature to the excellence of Messrs. Chatto & Windus's "Shakespeare Library," undoubtedly one of the most valuable of all recent series of reprints. The "Shakespeare Classics" is the name given to that section of the larger series which gives us the original tales and plays to which Shakespeare was in some measure indebted. The latest volume is the old play of **King Leir** (2s. 6d. net), edited by Dr. Sidney Lee. The legend recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth was handled many times before Shakespeare made it his own, but the unknown playwright of 1599 who dramatised the legend holds a very special place among Shakespearean pioneers, for his play was published in 1605, a year before the first appearance of Shakespeare's "Lear" on the stage, and three years before the publication of the latter. Dr. Sidney Lee discusses the history of the old play with his wonted fulness of knowledge, and writes of its bearing on the Shakespearean masterpiece with his accustomed moderation and persuasive good sense. He indicates the value of the older play without under-estimating the possibilities of coincidence and common origins, and without over-valuing the importance due to temporal priority. With introductions such as Dr. Lee's, the text of Shakespeare derives fresh interest and illumination from the study of his unknown predecessors.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co. have published a translation into German of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians," by I. L. Benecke (5s. net). This was no light undertaking, but Mr. Benecke has accomplished it successfully; his translation is a careful, capable, and very satisfatory piece of work.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BALSILLIE, DAVID, M.A.—Is a World-Religion Possible? 4s. net .....(Francis Griffiths)
BERTHOLET, D. ALFRED.—The Transmigration of Souls. Translated by Rev. H. J. Clayton, M.A. Library of Living Thought. 2s 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net ....(Harpers)
DENIS, LEON.—Here and Hereafter. Translated into English by George G. Fleurot. 3s. 6d. net ..(W. Rider & Son)
HUGHES, REV. GEOFFREY.—Conscience and Criticism. 5s. net .....(Duckworth)
INGRAM, RT. REV. ARTHUR F. WINNINGTON, D.D.—Joy in God. 1s., 2s. 6d. .....(Wells Gardner)
KELLER, CHARLES E.—The Eternal Hills. 25 cents (A. I. Root Co., Ohio)
LITTLETON, REV. THE HON. CECIL J., M.A.—Thoughts and Simple Rules. 3d. .....(Wells Gardner)
MASSON, JOHN, M.A., LL.D.—Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. 6s. net .....(John Murray)
MEYER, DR. ARNOLD.—Jesus on Paul. Translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M.A. Library of Living Thought. 2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net .....(Harpers)
WORSLEY, F. W., M.A., B.D.—The Fourth Gospel and the Synoptists. 3s. net .....(T. & T. Clark)

FICTION.

ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—The Invincible Amelia. 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—The Marriage of Margaret. 1s. net (Pearson)
ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—The Bride of the Mistletoe. 2s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
APPLIN, ARTHUR.—The Van Dylk Diamonds. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—A Roman Tragedy, and Others. 6s. (Arrowsmith)
BALDRY, W. BURTON.—From Hampstead to Holloway. Illustrated. 1s. net .....(John Ouseley)
BEARDMORE, G. RUSSELL.—A White Lie. 6s. (John Long)
BELLOC, H.—A Change in the Cabinet. 6s.....(Methuen)

BENSON, E. F.—A Reaping. 6s. .....(Heinemann)
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Necromancers. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BREBNER, PERCY J.—A Royal Ward. 6s. ....(Cassell)
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—Everybody's Secret. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
CASTLEMAN, HENRY C. H.—Oliver. 6s. .....(John Long)
COLLINS, COLIN.—The Human Mole. 6s. .....(Greening)
CRAVEN, PRISCILLA.—A Lighted Candle. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
DALE, WYNOTH (M. G. B. RYVES).—Dark House. 6s. (David Nutt)
DE CRESPIGNY, MRS. P. CHAMPION.—The Coming of Aurora. 6s. .....(Eveleigh Nash)
DEJEANS, ELIZABETH.—The Winning Chance. 6s. (John Milne)
DORRINGTON, ALBERT, and A. G. STEPHENS.—The Lady Calphurnia Royal. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—Shoes of Gold. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
ERNST, OTTO.—Asmus Semper: The Story of a Boyhood. Translated by Aletheia Caton. 6s. net (Francis Griffiths)
FORBES-ROBERTSON, FRANCES.—The Wanton. 6s. (Greening)
GIRVIN, BRENDA.—Cackling Geese. 6s. .....(John Long)
GOULD, NAT.—The Stolen Racer. 1s. net .....(John Long)
HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER.—The Actress. 6s. ..(Constable)
HALIFAX, ROBERT.—Low Society. 6s. .....(Constable)
HART, CHRISTIAN.—The Play and the Players. 6s. (John Long)
HOME, FRANCES.—An Awakened Memory. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
HORNIMAN, ROY.—The Romance of Beauty. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
JAMES, ADA AND DUDLEY.—Stolen Honey. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
JELF, JAY.—The Enterprise of Ella. 6s. .....(John Long)
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—Ashes of Passion. 6s. (John Long)
LEE, CHARLES.—Our Little Town. 3s. 6d. .....(Gibbings)
LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR.—An Eye for an Eye. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MACK, LOUISE.—The Red Rose of a Summer. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
MASEFIELD, JOHN.—Multitude and Solitude. 6s. (Grant Richards)
MASTIN, JOHN, F.S.A. Scot.—Through the Sun in an Airship. 6s. .....(Griffin & Co.)
MUNROE, FOSS.—The Contessa. 6s. .....(John Ouseley)
OLDMEADOW, ERNEST.—Antonio. 6s. ....(Grant Richards)
PAGE, GERTRUDE (MRS. A. DOBBIN).—The Silent Rancher. 6s. .....(Hurst & Blackett)
PAIN, BARRY.—Proofs Before Pulping. 1s. net (Mills & Boon)
PARKINSON, JOHN.—A Reformer by Proxy. 6s. (John Lane)
PEASE, HOWARD.—With the Warden of the Marches. 6s. (Constable)
RAMSEY, OLIVIA.—Sylvia and the Secretary. 6s. (John Long)
Red England: A Tale of the Socialist Terror. 1s. net (John Milne)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Lady in Grey. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
RIDEOUT, H. M.—Dragon's Blood. 6s. .....(Constable)
SNOWDEN, KEIGHLEY.—The Forbidden Theatre. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)
STOKER, BRAM.—The Lady of the Shroud. 6s. (Heinemann)
TRAIN, ARTHUR.—The Butler's Story. With Illustrations. 6s. .....(T. Werner Laurie)
"TYLER DE SAIX."—The Vulture's Prey. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Lady Rodway's Ordeal. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
WHITECHURCH, VICTOR L.—Concerning Himself. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WILSON, MARGARET IVEY.—Mrs. Iohns. 3s. 6d. (John Ouseley)
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s. .....(Cassell)

NEW EDITIONS.

BARR, ROBERT.—The Measure of the Rule. 6d. (Constable)
BISS, GERALD.—The White Rose Mystery. 1s. net (Greening)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The King in Yellow. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Constable)
COLMORE, G.—Priests of Progress. 1s. net ..(Stanley Paul)
CROKER, B. M.—Her Own People. 7d. net (Hurst & Blackett)
DE KOCK, PAUL.—A Good-Natured Fellow. Translated by Henry Blanchamp. The Lotus Library. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
DIVER, MAUD.—The Great Amulet. 1s. net ....(Blackwood)
HARKER, L. ALLEN.—A Romance of the Nursery. 6s. (John Murray)
J. J. B.—Wee Macgreegor. 1s. net .....(Mills & Boon)
KENNARD, MRS. EDWARD.—A Professional Rider. 1s. net .....(Stanley Paul)
MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Die Tragischen Komödianten. Übersetzt von I. L. Benecke. 5s. net (Siegle, Hill & Co.)
MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Rhoda Fleming. 6d. (Constable)
OLIPHANT, MRS.—The Primrose Path. 7d. net ..(Nelson)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Monastery. 6d. .....(Nelson)
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Shameless Wayne. 6d. (Newnes)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Lady Rose's Daughter. 7d. net .....(Nelson)
WILLIAMSON, MRS. C. N.—The Turnstile of Night. 7d. net (Hurst & Blackett)
WRENCH, MRS. STANLEY.—Love's Fool. 1s. net (John Long)
WYNDHAM, HORACE.—The Flare of the Footlights. 1s. net (Grant Richards)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BARKER, HENRY J.—King Edmund the Martyr, and Other Poems. 3s. 6d. net .....(Jarrold)
BOTTOMLEY, GORDON.—The Riding to Lithend. With drawings by James Guthrie. .....(Pear Tree Press)
CAMPBELL, JOSEPH (SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL).—The Mountainy Singer. 2s. 6d. net .....(Maunsel)
C. J. M.—Wild Oats. 6d. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
DOUGHTY, CHARLES M.—The Cliffs. 5s. net ..(Duckworth)
FFOLLIOTT, L.—Songs and Fantasies. 3s. 6d. net. (A. C. Fifield)
FORD, MARGARET E.—Garden Songs, and Other Verses. 1s. 6d. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
GIBSON, R. E. LEE.—A Miracle of St. Cuthbert and Sonnets. (John P. Morton & Co., Kentucky)
GRANVILLE, CHARLES.—Moods. 1s. 6d. net (Open Road Publishing Co.)
GREGORY, LADY.—Seven Short Plays. 3s. 6d. net (Maunsel)
H. B. S.—Arrows of Adolescence. 1s. net. .....(David Nutt)
HURST, EDITH M.—The Upward Path, and Other Poems. 6d. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
LANGBRIDGE, FREDERICK, M.A., D.Litt.—The Power of Red Michael, and Other Ballads. 2s. 6d. net (Maunsel)
LEE, E. MARKHAM.—Puccini's "La Bohème," Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Two booklets, Nights at the Opera Series. 1s. net each .....(Alex. Moring)
LEE, THOMAS HERBERT.—The Marriage of Iseult. 2s. 6d. net .....(Elkin Mathews)
MORRAH, HERBERT ARTHUR.—The Shepherd: A Book of Ballads and Songs. 5s. .....(G. Allen)
O'DOBB, BARRETT.—The Universe, and Other Poems. 2s. 6d) (John Ouseley.
ROBINS, GERTRUDE.—Makeshifts, and Other Short Plays (T. Werner Laurie)
SANDLER, DR. DAVID.—Abel. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin)
SYNGE, JOHN M.—Poems and Translations. 10s. 6d. (The Cuala Press, Dundrum, Dublin)
UNDERWOOD, WILBUR.—Damien of Molokai. 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)

NEW EDITIONS.

Chronicle History of King Leir, The. The Original of Shakespeare's "King Lear." Edited by Sidney Lee, Litt.D. 2s. 6d. net .....(Chatto)
Greene, The Complete Plays of Robert. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Thomas H. Dickinson. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net .....(Fisher Unwin)
HEINE, HEINRICH.—Poems and Ballads. Done into English by Robert Levy. 5s. net.....(Melrose)
MYERS, FREDERIC W. H.—Saint Paul. 1s. net (Macmillan)
TENNYSON.—English Idylls, and Other Poems. The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems. With Introductions and Notes by J. H. Fowler, M.A. 2 vols. 1s. 9d. each. (Macmillan)
TENNYSON.—Enid. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. B. Wheeler, M.A. 1s. 6d. .....(Frowde)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Africa, The *Times* History of the War in South, 1899–1902. Vols. VI. and VII. With Index, etc. Vol. VI. 21s. net, Vol. VII. 10s. 6d. net.....(Sampson Low)
ANDERSON, A. J.—The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net .....(Stanley Paul)
BAKER, EMILY.—Peggy Gainsborough, the Great Painter's Daughter. Illustrated. 5s. net ....(Francis Griffiths)
Bristol, Official Guide to the City of. 6d. net ....(Arrowsmith)
BROUGHTON, LORD (JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE).—Recollections of a Long Life. With additional extracts from his private Diary. Edited by his daughter Lady Dorchester. 2 Vols. 24s. net .....(Murray)
BRUCE, HENRY.—Letters from Malabar and On the Way. With Illustration. 6s. net .....(Routledge)
BURGE, C. O., M. Inst. C.E.—The Adventures of a Civil Engineer. 7s. 6d. net .....(Alston Rivers)